The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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S. S. Cox has been appointed minister to Turkey. He can make the Sultan laugh if nobody else can.

Thus far there is nothing very alarming about the state of the river. The Susquehanna is 4 to 6 ft. above low water mark.

The latest news from Europe do not make the chances for war between Russia and England very serious. Russian papers say there will be no war. Glad to hear it.

The Bellefonte *Republican* can't understand our grammar. We'd be surprised to know it understood anything. If our grammar is bad our principles are O. K., but the *Republican's* principles are bad and its grammar is only "so so."

We will bet all the surplus in the national treasury, (Cleveland being President,) that the Rebel debt won't be paid and that confederate soldiers won't get a pension under the present Democratic administration. What bloody shirt politician will take this bet as a starter?

By a rigorously unfair and dishonest apportionment the Republicans are trying to legislate nearly every Democratic congressman, senator and assemblyman out of office, and then have brass enough to expect Cleveland will let them remain in the federal offices too in preference to good Democrats!

The Smallpox is raging as an epidemic at Mound City, Ill. Out of a population of 1,500 fifty cases are reported. Eight deaths occurred within one week. The disease is confined almost entirely to the negroes, only two white families are afflicted. Vigorous measures are being used to suppress the scourge.

Oregon is going to be a horse producing country. A train load of work horses, containing ten cars, left Walla Walla the other day for Chicago. This is the first shipment of horses ever made across the continent. The freight rate is $230 a car, and arrangements are being made for the shipping of 20 car loads of cattle as an experiment from Wala Wala to Chicago.

Talking about coming fortunes here is mention of quite a big pile: W. L. Lawrence, a clerk in the mailing department of the post office, has received letters from a sister living in Rochester, N. Y., telling him he is one of 149 heirs to an English estate valued at $180,000,000. According to these letters the Lawrences are a branch of an old English family named Townley.

The French have been defeated in China. Gen. Negrier was wounded and forced to retreat from Langson. The Chinese carried the French position before Kilua.

President Cleveland offered the Russian mission to Gen. M'Clellan, who declined it however.

Ex-President Grant is at the point of death—perhaps dead before this issue reaches our readers.

Mr. M'Cullough, one of the Philadelphia members of the state legislature, disgusted with the performances of the state circus, sent his resignation to the speaker one day last week. Afterwards he made up his mind to withdraw it, and did so. M'Cullough is a Republican and there is bad feeling in the party, which threatens to enter into the next state convention of that party. Spoils is at the bottom of it all.

The bill authorizing the Pennsylvania State College to sell its eastern and western experimental farms came up on the third reading, on 26 ult., and the Senate went into committe of the whole on a small amendment by Senator Humes. After a long debate, in which Senator Hood, of Indiana, showed that the farm in his county had been well managed and would sell for far more than it cost, but was useless in advancing the science of agriculture, the bill was passed finally by 30 to 1, Senator Humes being alone.

Relative to the business outlook the New York *World* says perhaps the most encouraging features of the commercial situation at the present time is the condition of the foreign trade of the country. Last week, for instance, the exports of domestic products from this port showed an increase of about $400,000 and the imports a falling off of nearly $5,000,000 as compared with the corresponding period last year. On the one hand the increased exports show that we are finding a better market for our surplus products of 1884, while on the other hand the diminished importations indicate clearly that the American people have learned a wholesome lesson in economy from the depressed condition of business since the memorable "Loom" of 1880. The change must prove of lasting benefit to all legitimate interests.

A SHORT WHEAT CROP.

A short crop of wheat can be expected, resulting from several causes. Much of the winter wheat in the west has been killed by the extremely cold winter, and the low prices that prevailed during the past year discouraged the planting of the usual extent of land with that cereal. A diminution of the supply will occur when there may possibly be an unusual demand from Europe, in consequence of hostilities between Russia and England which now appear threatening. Such a requisition upon our wheat supply in conjunction with a diminished production would have the effect of greatly increasing the price of the much needed cereal.

Since 1882 the market price for wheat has fallen almost to the price of production. Under the most favorable circumstances the farmers of the west, who are the principal wheat raisers, have not been able to make their business pay, and have been led to contract the area of planting. This is remarkable from the fact that the demand for wheat is continually increasing. England imports more than half of what she needs; France, Russia and Austria have become importers and not exporters of wheat. They have looked principally to the United States for their supply, and their need of this kind of grain beyond their own production is every year increasing. Yet notwithstanding this fact there exists the anomaly of the price of wheat being lower than it has been known to be for years. This is very good evidence that, although the general demand has increased, the American farmers have been pushing the production of wheat beyond the capacity of the market to absorb it.

FORCES OF ENGLAND AND OF RUSSIA.

Russia has more soldiers and more ships of war than any other country in the world. In her standing army there are 780,000 men, and she has 358 ships in her navy. It costs $125,000,000 a year to keep her military establishments on their peace footing, and her military authorities say they can place 2,300,000 trained men under arms in war time. The English standing army is 182,000 men. This includes the English regular troops serving in India. The English War Office authorities profess to be able to put 642,000 well drilled and effective British troops in the field if called on to do so. This does not include the India auxiliary forces, which would swell the total British forces at home and abroad to over 1,000,000 men. It costs England $90,000,000 a year to keep up her regular army. In 1853 there were 52,000 Irish soldiers in the English army; now there are only 31,000. In 1853 a great number of Irishmen from the Tipperary, Armagh, Kilkenny, and other Irish militia regiments volunteered for active service, and were sent to Crimea. The English navy contains 283 ships. But while the Russian navy contains more vessels than the English navy, it must be remembered that England spends three times as much on her navy as Russia spends on hers.

President Cleveland moves slow, but sure, in the matter of appointments. He has Sam Patch's motto, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." All the appointments made by the President so far, command the respect of the country. There is a blue look-out for jobbers and corruptionists—occasionally one may slip into a place, because his real character may not be known, but then he will have to walk out as soon as the long fingers are detected. There is to be no more wholesale plundering of the people—that is certain.

Every honest Democrat will rejoice that at length there is prospect of honesty in the entire public service, just what we have contended for during the last twenty years. Let honest Republicans rejoice too, for they know a change was needed, that reform should be had in the government, and let them nobly stand by Cleveland in all that works in this direction.

Selah.

The New York *Sun* performs a valuable public service in printing a table of the actual appropriations of the second session of the 48th Congress; and by contrasting the totals of the last with those of the previous Congress. "Here then," it says, "are the totals for the past four years, covering the history of the 47th and 48th Congresses, and exhibiting in striking form the difference between Republican corruption and extravagance with Hiscock and Secor Robeson on deck, and Democratic retrenchment under the prudent, patriotic leadership of Samuel J. Randall and William S. Holman:"

47th Congress, First Session	$251,428,117
Second Session	187,911,566
Total	$439,339,683
48th Congress, First Session	$143,991,458
Second Session	166,356,226
Total	$310,067,684
Difference in favor of 48th Congress	$129,271,999

Why are England and Russia getting ready to go to war about Afghanistan? is a question which many a Reporter reader may ask. The actions of each are animated almost solely by greed. For a century Russia has been credited with a purpose to push her empire to the shores of the Persian gulf, her object being to gain a seaport for operations in the Orient. Her acquisitions of territory and those of England in India have gradually approached each other until the boundary line between the two has come into dispute. If it is the object of Russia, as is claimed, to reach the Persian gulf, she has traversed half the distance. She began in 1836 by conquering the territory east of the Ural river and north of Emba. A generation later she has extended the boundary line south to the Aral Sea. Soon after she adds a large tract south of the Sir Daria river and her possessions stretch well toward the Oxus. Ten years ago four more large acquisitions were made, principally to the south and southwest. Six years ago two important tracts to the north of Merv were taken in, and last year the Merv oasis was added. It is here that the dispute arises, the English claiming that the Russian frontier runs to the Opus from a point north of Penjdeh, which is a small but important place, on the northern side of the Parapomisan mountain, north of Herat. Russia places the boundary line south of this point, which she has already occupied with an advance force. Herat is practically the bone of contention. It contains barely 50,000 inhabitants, and is situated in a slight depression on the summit of one of the westernmost spurs of the great White Mountain range in Northern Afganistan. It is surrounded by a wall 75 feet high, once a formidable defense, but fast crumbling to decay from neglect, It is quite an important trading point with the countries around it.

ENGLAND MAKING EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR WITH RUSSIA.

England is making preparations for war with great activity. Orders have been sent to Portsmouth to put the steel dispatch boat Mercury, ten guns, in readiness for immediate service. It is stated that the armor-plated turret ships Devastation and Colossus and the corvette Bacchante, together with the troop ship Orontes, are also under preparations for sea.

Orders have likewise been sent to the armorers throughout the kingdom to send immediately to the tower of London all the Martini Henry rifles which they have in stock. The object of having them sent to the tower is that they may be inspected, after which they will be dispatched to India. Fourteen thousand rifles now at Portsmouth will be forwarded to India at once.

Orders have also been received at Portsmouth directing that the composite sloop Cormorant should be made ready for sea.

The Queen has sent a message to the house of commons, calling out the British reserves and the British militia for permanent service. In accordance to the Queen's message, the war office has called out the army reserves and the militia.

The Republicans are proposing a most outrageous apportionment bill which would disfranchise two-thirds of the Democracy of the state. This has always been the way of the Republicans, and yet we find Democrats soft enough to assist putting them in office, state, county township and national to the exclusion of competent, hardworking Democrats. We have a few such Democrats in this county, and they are found in other parts as well.

One of our exchanges alluding to the apportionment, says the gross injustice practiced by the Republicans is plainly indicated in the different apportionment bills for the state. We have previously alluded to the unfairness of the Congressional apportionment, and now comes the Senatorial apportionment bill passed by the Senate, which is, if possible, worse than the other. As an instance let us take the city of Philadelphia. There are 90,000 Republican and 70,000 Democratic votes in the city. The bill passed by the Senate gives the Republicans seven and the Democrats one Senator. An apportionment according to the political complexion in the state would give 27 Republican to 23 Democratic Senators, but the bill just passed gives 36 Republicans to 14 Democrats. Of course, we look for Gov. Pattison to veto the bill.

EUROPEAN COLLIERY DISASTER.

Vienna, March 27.—Forty men were to-day imprisoned, and it is believed that all of them were instantly killed by an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery a Troppau, in Austria Silesia. Fifty-six miners were killed to-day by an explosion in the mines owned by Baron Rothschild at Ostrau, in Moravia.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Lewistown, Pa., March 26.—The motion for a new trial for Curtin M'Clain for murder was overruled to-day, and the prisoner was sentenced to death.

STARTING UP OF IRON WORKS.

At Sharon, Pa., the Atlantic iron works of Kimberly & Co., which have been closed down since the suspension of the firm three months ago, started up last Monday, making armor plate to fiill a foreign order.

See, Cleveland is President—but that isn't the reason the Sharon iron works started up again. They would have started up all the same even if Dan Hastings had been President.

Neither is this Cleveland's fault: Operations at Huntingdon car works have been suspended, throwing out of employment a large number of men.

The Mormons are dissatisfied and disappointed because of a decision, on 23rd ult., in the U. S. Supreme Court, in the election case, in which the Utah commissioners are respondents. While the test oath prescribed by the commission is declared invalid, the Mormons say the court went out of its way to practically declare the Edmunds act valid, and when that point was not necessarily before it. The ruling that inhabitants of the territories are under the sovereign control of congress is viewed with amazement and regret, and is generally considered as a position more opposed than any ever given since the nation was founded. The Mormons feel that they are being unjustly dealt with.

The Senate confirmed the following nominations of President Cleveland: To be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States, George H. Pendleton, to Germany; Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, to Great Britain; Henry A. Jackson, of Georgia, to Mexico; Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to France; Benjamin H. Hill, Jr., to be United States attorney for the northern district of Georgia; David Baker, Jr., to be United States attorney for the district of Rhode Island. The Senate in executive session immediately confirmed the nomination of ex-Senator Pendleton to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Germany.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

La Libertad, San Salvador, March 27.—The war which has been thought inevitable for some days past, has already become an actuality. The forces of Honduras and those of San Salvador have already come into collision and several skirmishes have occurred. The armies of Guatemala and Honduras are acting in harmony and are now confronting the forces of San Salvador. Active measures are being taken by San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica to protect themselves against the revolutionary scheme of President Barrios.

On the 25 of the present month an alliance, defensive and offensive, was formally entered into by these three states, and arrangements were perfected for putting an effective force into the field. San Salvador, whose territory is most threatened, takes the leading place in this alliance. She will put her whole army in the field. Nicaragua will provide four thousand men and Costa Rica sends two thousand. Costa Rica, at the same time contributes $100,000 towards the expenses of the war.

President Zaldwar, of San Salvador, will assume the chief commad of the allied forces; President Cardenas, of Nicaragua, will be second in command, and General Soto, of Costa Rica, will probably take the third place.

NO HOPE FOR LOGAN.

Eugene Sittig, an editor in Chicago and a strong republican member of the legislature, but a positive anti-Logan man, holds the balance of power in the senatorial election in Illinois. Speaking of the senatorial contest, he said:

"John Logan will not be elected. He is not wanted by the republicans, and Morrison will not be elected, as he is not the choice of the democrats. A dark horse will appear within ten days and be elected. It will be some man at present not spoken of, probably Bob Lincoln or Farwell—perhaps Palmer. The governor will not get a chance to appoint Logan, as the legislature will either elect a senator or hold on until next fall. If by some reason the legislature should adjourn and the governor appoint a senator, his career would be brief, as none of the appropriation bills have been touched, and they will not be until a senator is selected. Then, in case of an adjournment, the governor will reconvene the legislature to pass the appropriations, and the appointed senator will find a senator elected. The thing has all been considered and every contingency arranged for. Both sides, democrats and republicans, are wide awake and taking advantage of every point. All the brains of the state are at the capitol half the time, and every move that statecraft, wisdom and scheming can suggest is being taken advantage of. Morrison and Logan have given up. They don't expect to be elected. They are still on hand and pretend to feel secure, but they don't. I never saw anything tell on a man like this contest has on Logan. He looks at least twenty years older. He is turning gray, and has an odd, faraway, disappointed look on his face. He is really an object of pity, and begs and pleads for support like a child. The past few months have made an old man of him.

PERFECTION OF RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

Nothing so thoroughly exemplifies the perfection of railroad management as the manner in which the immense amount of travel to the inauguration was handled by the roads composing the "Great Pennsylvania System." Never before in the history of this country has there been such a demand made upon transportation facilities, as during the four days immediately preceeding and succeeding the 4th of March; yet, under its splendid organization, the vast travel was accommodated without the semblance of an accident, or more than trivial delay. Thousands came from the north, east, west and south, aggregating a total of from 40,000 to 60,000, over the lines of this one company alone, yet they were accommodated without any apparent effort on the part of the great corporation, which justly is acknowledged the leading railroad of the world. This grand achievment is not due alone to the skill and experience of its officers and employes, but to its splendid switch and block signal system, which makes the handling of many additional trains as simple and easy as the movement of its regular service. Superiority of management and perfection of modern appliances were never before so aptly shown, and the result accomplished is but another illustration of the fact that speed, comfort and perfect safety are always guaranteed when we journey over the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches.

AN ENGLISH AND TURKISH ALLIANCE.

Constantinople, March 26.—In political circles here it is thought that between Russia and England the fighting will not be confined to the Afghan frontier, but will extend to the Black Sea. It is rumored that Great Britain has already sounded the porte in regard to obtaining permission to pass the Dardanelles in case of war. The prolonged stay in London of Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Turkish envoy, is attributed to the belief that the Afghan troubles are more likely than the Egyptian question to effect, under certain conditions, an alliance between Turkey and England.

A THOUSAND CAMELS FOR INDIA.

London, March 26.—The government of Burmah is sending a thousand camels to India to be employed in the transport service on the frontier of Afghanistan by General Stewart, the British commander.

15,000 SOLDIERS FOR INDIA.

London, March 26.—Reports are current at Aldershot that orders have been received there providing for the raising of 15,000 troops for India. One battery of horse artillery will proceed from Woolwich to India immediately.

ANOTHER SHARP FIGHT.

Thirteen Men Killed—Canada Hurrying Troops to the Scene.

Winnipeg, March 29.—The authorities have received news from Humboldt of another engagement between the mounted police and the Prince Albert volunteer corps and a force of about 300 rebels, near Duck Lake, Friday evening. Thirteen volunteers and police were killed, and the rebel loss was very heavy. It is learned that the volunteers and police were coming down the trail from Fort Carlton to Duck Lake to secure supplies. The rebels in large numbers were lying in ambush, and when the police were in a piece of thick underbrush the rebels rushed upon them. Firing was kept up for some time, with terrible effect on both sides. A large number of Indians were with the rebels. The police finally fought their way through and retreated upon Fort Carlton, leaving a number of wounded behind.

RUSSIA REFUSES TO WITHDRAW HER TROOPS AT ENGLAND'S OFFER.

London, March 27.—The *Globe* says that a proposal, partaking of the nature of an ultimatum, was telegraphed by the government to St. Petersburg yesterday. It was requested at the same time, that the Russian government should send an answer that would reach Downing street no later than Monday next. The same paper declares that Earl Greenville, on the 16th instsant, proposed to Russia that both the Russians and Afghans should withdraw from that portion of territory which is at present the subject of dispute, and should remain outside of it during the continuance of negotiations between Russia and England, then in progress in London.

To this proposal Russia sent no reply until last Wednesday. She then refused to accede to England's proposition on the ground that the withdrawal of her troops would be a source of humiliation to Russia. After that answer was received from Russia the cabinet decided to embody the reserves and the militia and to send the ultimatum already referred to.

GENERAL GRANT'S END BELIEVED TO BE NEAR.

New York, March 30.—The *Graphic* says: One of the Grant household told a reporter at 11 a. m. that the almost unanimous opinion of the doctors engaged upon the case was that General Grant would not live more than forty-eight hours, while one or two held that twenty-hours was the longest that he could last.

"I suppose the General has written in his book for the last time."

Said this party, "It is a mistake to say he will leave his book unfinished. He has finished the second volume, and is correcting it. They should have provided him with a stenographer, and then he could have written four times as much as he has."

"Does General Grant think he is dying?"

"He has never doubted it. He knows the progress of the disease as well as the physicians, and can tell as accurately when his end is approaching. He awaits the final summons with the grim stolidity for which he is noted. Everything is arranged, and perhaps his only wish is that he might be allowed a little more time in which to thoroughly satisfy himself about his book."

A QUEER TRADE.

There exists in London a gentleman who makes his whole income by mixing salads. A few minutes before the commencement of a dinner party, he drives up in a hansom and proceeds to the mixing of the ingredients, which are ready prepared for him. In a short time the salad is finished, it is placed on the table, it is an incredible success. Such an ethereal concoction seems as if it cannot have been made by hands, but rather as if it hovered between the two hemispheres, partaking of both while belonging to neither. The greater part of the materials are found for him, some he uses, some it seems good to him to reject, but is surmised that he must bring with him some singular flavoring or mysterious herb which gives to the salad its magical flavor. Any way, the salad is a success; the maker pockets a guinea fee, and flies off in another hansom—possibly to dream of inventing another salad. No one has ever seen the salad-maker at work. He demands perfect solitude for his artistic employment, and he has a perference for silence while it is going on. He has a bland, mysterious and almost unctuous expression, which seems somehow to suggest a person who takes an especial delight in the mixing of oil. He has a manner so quietly polite, so calm and self-contained, as perfectly to baffle any inquiry which could be put to him as to his history as the secret of his trade. Were his hostess to be even as impetuous as the *Princess* in "Der Asra," she would get no information out of the salad-maker. The apostrophe, "Tell me quickly, what thy name and what thy country?" would meet with no responce beyond an oily smell, a deprecatory bow, and a gentle shrug of the shoulders. In what country he discovered the secret of his salad, whether there is a secret at all or whether the flavor lies in the faith of the partaker, where he lives when he is at home, and what he does when he is not making salad—all these things are mysteries, and will never be known during the lifetime of the salad-maker.

THE FIRST USE OF GUNPOWDER.

In a paper recently read before the Shanghai branch of the Royal Asiatic Society Dr. Macgowan affirms the claims of the Chinese to be the originators of gunpowder and firearms. This claim was examined in an elaborate paper some years ago by the late Mr. Mayers, and decided by him in the negative. Dr. Macgowan admits that gunpowder as now used is a European discovery. Anterior to its granulation by Schwartz it was a crude compound, of little use in propelling missiles. This, says the writer, is the article first used in China. The incendiary materials stated by a Greek historian to have been employed by the Hindus against Alexander's arms are stated to have been merely the naphthous or petroleum mixtures of the ancient Coreans, and in early times used by the Chinese. The "stinkpots," so much used by Chinese pirates, is, it appears, a Cambodian invention. Dr. Macgowan states also that as early as the twelfth or thirteenth century the Chinese attempted submarin, warface, contriving rude torpedoes for that purpose. In the year 1,000 an inventor exhibited to the then Emperor of of China "a fire gun and a fire bomb." He says that, while the Chinese discovered the explosive nature of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal in combination, they were laggards in its manufactures, so, in the use of firearms, failing to prosecute experiment, they are found behind in the matter of scientific gunnery.

STROLLING MINSTRELS.

There are curious bands of singers in the London streets—most respectable persons, judging from their clothes. Three ladies in black were especially noticeable; one curious feature of their doings is that they sell the music of the songs, the secretary giving out a certain number to each of the others, for which she takes cash from them. This is worthy of a floater of companies. They are Scotch ladies. Among the minstrels of the street, who are objectionable in the extreme, are the Sabbath-breakers. Mobs, preceded by bands, have been thus obnoxious; but as it is done in the name of temperance, doubtless it will be considered by some equally as warranted as is the parad of the Salvationists, who stir up the bloode of the public to acts of aggression, in order to put down impudence and a parade of peculiar religions, which no one objects to if done indoors, and where it can, and ought, to hide its head.

After much experimenting, Dr. Richardson has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs, in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic oxide and chloriform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and wake no more.

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look
  Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof,
  And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
  And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
  As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
  With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
  As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
  And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
  It was all the same to me,

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
  On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed and the miller is dead,
  And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
  To our fortune of toil are bound,
And the man goes and the stream flows,
  And the wheel moves slowly round.

A TALE OF THE RED PIKE.

"I thought I should find you with the girls, Mr. Godwin. You should have been with us. We've had such a scramble over Honister Crag, and brought back no end of flowers for Gertrude. But one thing I must say—that fellow Losford is a jolly muff, though he doesn't look it. Just a funk, girls, and nothing else. Will you give me some tea, Mrs. Godwin?"

"What nonsense you talk, Bob!" cried his sister, conscious by some feminine instinct that her friend's face was hotter than a moment before: "You are a perfect *mauvais enfant* bursting in like that. I wish Mr. Losford would teach you manners."

"I'd like to see him try. It would take a pluckier man than he is. Why he wouldn't come within yards of the edge, Mrs. Godwin!"

"He showed his usual good sense, Master Robert," was that lady's tart reply. She had her reasons for looking favorably upon Walter Losford, of Losford Court, Monmouthshire, by no means the least honored guest at Mr. Godwin's lake villa. And they were a very cheery and plesant party, the pleasantest set, Gertrude thought, that her mother had ever got together, and Gertrude was a young lady of decided tastes and somewhat difficult to please. Even Bob Marston, when he was not saying malapropos things and appearing where he was not wanted at inopportune moments, was as amusing as any other Eaton boy. Nevertheless, at this moment two people at least were ardently longing to make his ears tingle.

"And what is the programme for to-morrow Mr. Godwin?" resumed the young gentleman, not a whit daunted by the unfavorable reception of his last remark. "Can't we picnic on the Red Pike? It would be jolly fun."

The host hummed and hawed; he rather preferred an open-air entertainment at a place accessible in an open carriage. But if you have a house among the mountains, up them you must go. The climbing disease is infectious, and there is no evading it until by a permanent residence you become proof against its attacks. Mr. Godwin would have to succumb sooner or later.

"Yes, Bob," said Gertrude, suddenly laying down the fan with which she was playing, "we will go to the Red Pike to-morrow."

And Bob, who thought that, in his own language, he had rather "put his foot in it," was comforted, and knew that to the Red Pike he would go.

Gertrude's face as she went to dress for dinner was thoughtful. "He showed his usual good sense," Mrs. Godwin had said, and the words kept ringing in her daughter's ears until her lips began to curl with scorn. If there was one thing which Gertrude admired it was courage; was she beginning, almost more than beginning, to like a man who could be called a coward even by a boy? It made her cheeks tingle with shame and anger. Proud and high-spirited herself, good sense of the kind Mrs. Godwin meant was not in high esteem with her. And, alas, the insinuation chimed in with other things. Walter Losford was hardly one to please a romantic girl at first sight. Cold, sensible and wanting in enthusiasm even in his ambition, trying nearly everything by the arguments of reason with impartial severity, he would have made a just and not to merciful judge. Living by rule of thumb, no wonder that he looked older than his thirty years, or that he repelled chance acquaintances who called him a prig. Generally reticent, he would sometimes tell the truth with rude abruptness. Altogether, his friends said, a little wanting in charity; too practical, too matter-of-fact. And yet, poor Gertrude! when she met him at dinner, the hauteur she assumed melted away and she blushed and smiled at his glance; for what is so fascinating as the homage of one who seems utterly, almost contemptuously, careless of all beside? If Walter had spoken that evening he would have assuredly gained his object, and Mrs. Godwin been made a happy woman.

The Red Pike was red indeed in the evening sunlight, every cliff that buttressed its rugged top burnished to ruddiness, and yet the party lingered, reluctant to abandon the view of sea and land from Forth to Windermere that held them entranced. Tea was over and the servants had started downwards with the baggage, yet the party, which all day had wandered separately or in pairs at their several wills, still sat together on the top. Bob only was on the move, skirmishing hither and thither untiringly.

"I say, Gertrude, here's a specimen for you! Here's a blue gentian growing on this cliff, and a rare good climb it will be to it."

The party hastened to the edge of the cliff; in a cranny of the rock about twelve feet down grew the flower Gertrude had been long seeking to obtain. A slight opening in the wall of the cliff made it just feasible, if somewhat dangerous to reach it.

"Robert, don't go too near!" cried Mrs. Godwin.

Gertrude turned with her face a little flushed to Losford. "Can't you get it for me, Mr. Losford?" she said gently, and with something of appeal in her voice.

"Not without a rope," he answered calmly; "we will bring one up to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Gertrude, with sudden heat. "I want it now. Bob would get it for me in a moment if I asked him, Mr. Losford."

"Bob's head is perhaps steadier than mine," answered the other, keeping at a safe distance from the edge. He was in no way discomposed until, as he finished, his eyes met the girl's full of contempt and anger. Stung by the look he took a hasty step towards the edge of the cliff and bent down to make the attempt. For a moment he remained in that position as if entranced, scranning the depth below, a sheer three hundred feet, and then a green ledge, and then, far beneath, pale-blue Crummock Water. With a quick shudder he passed his hand across his eyes and recoiled, white to the lips.

"I can't get it for you," he said hoarsely falling back, while the others looked at one another in astonishment.

"And qute right, too, Mr. Losford; don't try any such foolhardiness, I beg," cried Mrs. Godwin loudly. Loudly, but not so that he failed to hear the one word "Coward!" or to distinguish the tone of contempt in which it fell from her daughter's lips, as she turned away. The next instant he was his old calm self again, but he knew that he had his dismissal.

As for the bit of blue gentian, Bob brought it up in a twinkle, and chattered on in such a way as to earn every one's gratitude. Yet it was a dull party that wended its way down the hill, and clear it was to more than one that a budding romance had come to an end over the little blue flower which nestled so harmlessly in Gertrude's fair hair. Yet mothers are sanguine and Mrs. Godwin's face grew scarlet with anger when the spray appeared again at dinner conspicuously fastened in the bosom of her daughter's dress.

If it was only an awkward hour at dinner that Mrs. Godwin feared, Fate was to save her hospitality from, to do her justice, an unwonted slur.

"Where is Robert?" she began pettishly, after helping the soup. "Do you know, Violet?"

Miss Marston did not. Bob was not wont to be punctual, and she was about to say so when the butler, who had been called from the room, entered hastily and whispered something in his master's ear. Mr. Godwin rose quickly.

"My dear, this is bad news. There has been a fall at the lead works."

"How unfortunate! I am thankful the men were not at work. Or even worse, we might have been viewing them, as Robert has been plaguing us to do, and been all crushed together, like any common laborers! Shocking! But where can Robert be?"

"I am afraid, ma'am," put in the butler in a low voice which every one heard well, with preternatural distinctness, "that Master Robert—leastwise he went that way when he came back—is in there. John has gone to the village for help."

There was a dead silence round that fair show of linen and glass and gleaming silver, as if the hand which warned Belshazzar had appeared upon the wall. Then Gertrude glided to her friend's side and put her arm round her. The gentlemen hurried from the room. But almost as soon as they reached the scene the women appeared there also; the poor boy's sister could not be restrained, and Mrs. Godwin, whose woman's heart was sound within her, signed to Gertrude to let her go. Anything was better than inaction.

Mr. Godwin's wad-hole and works were hardly a mile from the house, though hidden from it by a steep shoulder of the hill. He guessed at once that the boy, anxious to exhibit to the ladies the wonders of the wad-hole, had taken the private key, which lay upon the study mantlepiece, and had gone, it might be, to make some preparation, whereby his darling effects would be enhanced. A servant seeking him when dinner was ready discovered the accident, and, after giving the alarm in the servant's hall, had gone on to the village.

"Is there any hope?" said Gertrude, in a low voice, with Violet Marston's hand tight clasped in hers. "Are they digging?"

The flaring light of a pine-knot fire, just kindled in the little inclosure at the mouth of the hole, fell upon a score or two of strange-looking figures, chiefly women. Some were moving to and fro before the blaze, but most of them stood still and impassive. The shining clothes of the men proclaimed their trade, as they brushed, all distinctions forgotten, against the gay dresses of the house-party.

"No," replied her father, with a groan. "The props at this end are gone, and the men say the whole hill is coming down. We must wait for help from Keswick."

Gertrude was turning to the group indignantly, but one was before her.

"Now, men, I can handle a pick though I am a Londoner. Ten pounds to every man who joins me! Don't let them say that the Cumberland men left their master's guest to perish because they were cowards."

The cold impassive face was aglow with energy and excitement. Was it Gertrude's fancy, or was it that that word in his voice really struck her like a whip?

"The hill is on the move, master, and he be dead too," said the foremost man, but shamefacedly.

"Hush, his sister be there!" put in a woman softly.

There was an instant's hesitation while all watched the big miner; then, after a glance at their faces:

"We're with you, master!" cried he, seizing the tool at his feet like a giant aroused.

The spell was broken; and who then so reckless as the Cumberland men? Losford soon had to check them, and assist the foreman to compel them to underpin, and take other proper precautions as they worked. In time, more men flocked from neighboring pits to the spot, and the task was carried on by gangs. Notwithstanding Mr. and Mrs. Godwin's entreaties, the poor girl most concerned would not leave; and hour after hour, while seemingly countless loads of earth were wheeled or carried from the deepening entrance, she walked to and fro, or lay with Gertrude's hand in hers on the wraps laid in a corner formed by two walls. How each shining worker was gazed at as he came from the darkness into the blaze of the fire and deposited his load! Whoever worked by spells, the figure Gertrude knew best did not appear. But when the faint lingering hope was dying away, one of the other men staying in the house come quickly up to Violet.

"Miss Marston, do not be too sanguine. There is hope yet, however. The fall is only partial, and he may be in the main workings. Some of the men fancy that they have heard him knocking."

Violet made no reply. She was sobbing on Gertrude's shoulder.

"Is any one hurt?" asked the latter eagerly.

"No one at all. A few cuts from stones."

Another hour past, while the crowd thickened and listened all breathlessly to the dull, muffled sound of the tools and the creaking of the barrows. A fresh gang was at work, and they came out more quickly. The sky was growing gray, and the men's faces looked so, too, as the fire burned with a paler light and the hilltops came out in cold majesty.

Suddenly the tools ceased; a barrow on its way out stopped inside the entrance. The crowd outside drew close and breathed more quickly, and women hid their faces as the sound of voices low murmuring came from the passage. Then a little crowd of men pressed out, and in their midst Walter Losford, stained and ragged, with the boy's form in his arms. He laid him quickly on the wraps by the women. The blood was tickling slowly from a cut in his own forehead, and his face, where it was not lead-grimed, was palled with fatigue.

"He has only fainted," he said, as the doctor bent over the boy.

"Just so!" said the latter cheerily. "He only wants a glass of sherry."

Gertrude rose from the boy to thank his bearer, her eyes dim with happiness. But he had turned away.

"The worst time was just before they broke in, Gerty. I thought the earth must fall again, or something happen to prevent them reaching me," confided Bob to her when she visited him the next day in his room. The whole matter was to Master Bob one for pure congratulation, and he spent his time in rehearsing a graphic account of the adventure for the benefit of his dame's house. "But that fellow Losford is no end of a trump. He's been up to say good-bye, and I told him what an ass I'd made of myself about him. That's a comfort, I heard his voice first of all, do you know, and Mrs. Godwin says they wouldn't have got me out but for him."

The likelihood of this alternative appeared to give him unmixed satisfaction.

"I don't think they would," murmured Gertrude, eagerly presenting him with a large bunch of grapes from a side table. "I'll get you some more, Bob."

"You bet your boots they wouldn't. It's a pity he can't climb. Fancy a fellow like that with what the doctor calls 'constitutional vertigo'! I can't make it out."

And Bob fell into a brown study, which passed into a doze; and thus refreshed he was enabled to chatter without ceasing all dinner time.

Gertrude stole out of the room, and, running down stairs, found him in the hall. He had mislaid a favorite stick.

"Mr. Losford," she began hurriedly, standing before him in she knew not what attitude of pretty humility, "I said something yesterday the memory of which is burning me with shame. I cannot forgive myself; but will you say you do? Bob has made amends. Let me do so. What a foolish girl said cannot have hurt you?" she pleaded, as he made no answer.

"Rather, should not have hurt me," he replied gravely; "yet it did cruelly, Miss Godwin. But for the chance occurence of last night you would be thinking so still. It was ungenerous as well as thoughtless."

Gertrude winced under each almost contemptuous word. She had not bargained for this. Too much hurt for tears, she murmured as she turned away:

"I am sorry."

"A moment, please! From any other woman I should have accepted the apology without a word. I have scolded you that you might know what it was like before I asked you to give me the right to do it. Gertrude, will you be my wife?"

And Gertrude said "Yes."

When she had fully satisfied him upon this point, she asked.

"And you have quite forgiven me, Walter?"

"I shall have when you have done the penance I order." There was a twinkle of fun in his eyes a stranger would not have believed could harbor there. "It is that you wear the bit of blue gentian at dinner this evening."

The sight of which harmless specimen caused Bob to blush the only blush he was guilty of in his school days.

Premature Burials.

"The world would be horrified," said William S. McCarthy, an east-side undertaker, New York, "if it knew the number of bodies that are buried before life is extinct. Once in a while one of these cases comes to light, but no steps are taken to prevent there recurrence.

"Something that happened to me about twelve years ago has worried me ever since. I was sent for one day to take charge of the body of a man who was a tailor, and had fallen over while sitting on his bench sewing. He was a big, fleshy man, about 40 years of age, and weighed about 250 pounds. The body was warm and the limbs were limp. I did not believe the man was dead, and said so. His friends told me that a physician had pronounced him dead. I was ordered to put the body on ice at once, but I delayed this operation, on one pretext or another, for nearly two days. During this time the body lay on the bench in the little shop. Finally I could delay no longer. The limbs were still as limp as when I first examined the body. I prepared the body for burial, and the next day it was buried. I do not believe that man was dead when the earth was shoveled in on his coffin. If the same thing were to happen again I would let somebody else do the burying.

"About the same time a young woman living up town was supposed to have died very suddenly. A physician was called in. He said she was dead. An old woman who was present thought otherwise and insisted upon it that she was in a trance. The body was buried. A few weeks later the old woman determined to satisfy herself about it, and bribed the grave-diggers to disinter the coffin. The lid was removed and a horrible sight was seen. The young woman had come to life and had made a terrible struggle for liberty. Her hair was torn out, and her face was frightfully scratched. She had turned over on her face.

A person is generally believed to be dead if there is no action of the heart or pulse. But if a person is in a trance there is no action of the heart or pulse. A vein should be opened. If blood flows the person is not dead. This operation would take about thirty seconds, but it is not often restored to. Suppose the person is suffering only from a temporary suspension of animation. Before he can recover the use of his faculties an undertaker comes and he is put in an ice box, where whatever life there may have been in him is frozen out. The Board of Health should take hold of this matter and devise some means of ascertaining beyond all doubt that life is extinct before the body is buried. I have thought of a good many different means. A receiving vault could be built in every cemetry where bodies could be placed until decomposition had begun, when they could be buried."

Candy.

The adulteration of candy, says one of the largest manufacturers, is not only considerable, but the adulterant mainly used is most deleterious. A manufacturer told me the other day," he said, "that 20 per cent. of the confectionery made by him was terra alba, costing a cent and a half a pound. In comparison with such adulteration the use of poisonous mineral colors is really insignificant. Terra alba is a clay, resembling meerschaum in color, and is used instead of so much sugar. It comes from Staten Island and other parts of the country. The saving effected by its use is enormous, and renders honest competion an impossibility in certain channels."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—One vote for U. S. Senator was cast in joint convention of the Illinois Legislature on the 17th. It was given by Mr. Streeter for A. E. Stevenson, and after it had been announced the convention adjourned.

—In regard to General Grant's condition, his physician said on the 17th: "The General had a sleepless night, but he made it up to-day. He slept much in the afternoon and was much refreshed by it. He was, at 11.30 to-night, in a sound slumber. His temperature is normal and pulse about the same. He talked and acted brighter to-night than in several days."

—General Black, the new Commissioner of Pensions, assumed charge of his office on the 17th.

—In Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the 17th, the Democrats elected their candidate for Mayor by 136 majority. This is the first Democratic Mayor there since 1877.

—There were two St. Patrick's Day parades in New York on the 17th. One of the processions included 48 branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a number of religious societies. The other embraced 49 branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians from New York City, 35 from Kings county and several from Queens and Richmond counties, besides civic societies.

—President Cleveland's first state reception was given, on the 17th, to the Diplomatic Corps, the Judiciary, the army and navy, and the Senate and the House of Representatives. "It was one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind that has been held in the White House."

—The Board of Health of New York City, on the 17th, directed that a house to house inspection be made forthwith, in view of the probable advent of the cholera this summer.

—Sellwood's block at Ishpenning, Michigan, was burned on the 17th. It contained the City Council rooms, the Odd Fellows' and Masonic Halls, and several stores. Loss, $60,000.

—W. H. L. Reitz, 52 years old, for a number of years a prominent grocer in Baltimore, hanged himself in the cellar of his residence on the 17th. Depression in business is supposed to have affected his mind.

—Stewart Cumgardner, a deputy sheriff, was shot dead from an ambush, a few miles from Morehead, Kentucky, on the 16th. "It is said he sided with the Martin faction in their recent trouble with the Tullivers, which produced so much excitement in Rowan county."

—The President on the 18th nominated Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, to be First Assistant Postmaster General; Martin V. B. Montgomery, of Michigan, Commissioner of Patents; Milton J. Durham, of Kentucky, First Comptroller of the Treasury; Benjamin H. Hill, Jr., U. S. Attorney for Northern Georgia; David S. Baker, Jr., U. S. Attorney for Rhode Island; William Garrard, Superintendent of the Mint at Carson City, and Joseph R. Ryan, Coiner of the Mint at Carson City.

—The Senate in executive session on the 18th confirmed the nomination of J. S. Miller to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue in place of Walter Evans, removed.

—Dr. Francis Wharton, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Examiner of Claims in the State Department, to succeed Henry O'Connor.

—The Legislature of Delaware, in joint convention, on the 18th, formally declared the election of George Gray for United States Senator to succeed Bayard.

—One hundred and eighty-eight members of the Illinois Legislature were present in joint convention on the 18th, but only one vote was cast, Streeter giving a ballot for J. S. Black. A despatch from Springfield says a rumor is current in legislative circles that Haines will vote with the Republicans for adjournment *sine die*, and leave the appointment of a Senator with the Governor.

—The Legislature of Arkansas is as yet unable to elect a United States Senator. The second and last joint ballot on the 18th resulted as follows: Berry, 37; Dunn, 35; Newton, 16; Fishback, 12; Horner, 3; House, 4; Crittenden, 2; scattering, 10.

—One ballot for U. S. Senator was taken on the 16th in joint convention of the Illinois Legislature. Mr. Morrison got 41 votes.

—General Grant's physician reported on the 18th, as follows: "General Grant retired at 10.30 last night and slept continuously four hours. He then arose, gargled his throat, returned to his bed and slept an hour, after which his rest was fitful until he arose at 10 A. M. He had slept about eight hours. He is bright this evening; his voice strong, he took plenty of food; his pulse is normal; he suffers little, if any, pain. Dr. Shrady met me to-day at the house. There has been no increase of the throat difficulty in the last three days. It seems to have been arrested."

—Since the election of Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, to the U. S. Senate, various newspapers have published reports "that the health of the Senator is failing;" "that his mind has been affected by the loss of his son," and that "recently he has become a convert to Spiritualism."

—Miss Ada Beard was shot and dangerously wounded by Miss Fannie Benders, in Louisville, on the 17th. Jealousy was the cause, both of them being courted by the same young man.

—The New Jersey Board of education met on the 18th, in Trenton. Edwin O Chapman, of New Jersey was chosen State Superintendant to succeed Apgar. Mr. Chapman is one of the Democratic members of the present Assembly.

—It is said that great damage has been done by the overflow resulting from the ice gorge at Waverly, Missouri, and that several lives have been lost.

—A joint convention of the Illinois Legislature was held on the 19th, as usual, but no vote was cast for U. S. Senator.

—Two joint ballots for United States Senator were taken on the 19th, in the Arkansas Legislature. The last stood: Berry 42, Dunn 55, Newton 17, Fishback 10, Horner and House 3 each and several scattering.

—The Republican State Convention of Rhode Island on the 19th, nominated a ticket headed by George Peabody Wetmore, of Newport, for Governor; the Democratic Convention of the same State nominated a ticket with Ziba O. Slocum, of Providence, for Governor.

—Amor Smith was on the 19th nominated for Mayor by the Republican City Convention of Cincinnati.

—Early on the 19th a train of sixty loaded freight cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad left the east end of Gallitzen tunnel and broke in half shortly after starting. One section ran ahead and the other, being very heavy, followed slowly until the heavy grade of the mountain was reached. The first section was stopped at Allegrippus Station and in a few minutes after, the second section crashed into it with terrific force, demolishing 30 cars, loaded with all sorts of merchandise. Brakeman J. C. Michaels was killed instantly; fireman C. L. Berghan and conductor Hart were seriously, and engineer J. A. Fox, slightly injured. All trains were delayed several hours.

—The glass factory of Travers Storm, a two-story frame structure, in Williamsburg, New York, was burned on the 19th. Loss, $75,000. Two firemen were severely injured by a falling wall.

—The village of Hedge, in Texas, at the junction of the Missouri-Pacific and Fort Worth and Denver Railroads, was taken possession of by a gang of tramps, who drove away the railroad men and citizens from the station "at the point of pistols." An incoming train brought reinforcements, and the tramps were driven out on the prairie. At last accounts they were gathering in such numbers that a fight was feared.

—A man named Kellogg and a disreputable woman named Britton were found dead in the latter's room in St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 18th. It was at first thought that Kellogg had killed the woman and then committed suicide, but later developments have led to the arrest of a man named Bergstrom on suspicion that he killed both. Bergstrom kicked in the door of the room and reported the finding of the bodies. Kellogg leaves a wife and five children. The police are searching for the dead woman's husband, who is said to be a gambler.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.—

SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 13th, Mr. Cameron offered a resolution naming the chairman and members of the committees as agreed upon by the caucus, and it was adopted. Senator Sherman declined to serve upon the Committee on Finance, but no action was taken on his refusal. After an executive session, the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 16th Mr. Blair offered a resolution authorizing a continuance of the investigation of the differences between capital and labor. He said the investigation was practically concluded, and the extension was desired for the purpose of making a report. Mr. Cockrell objected, and the resolution went over. Mr Van Wyck's "Backbone Land Grant" resolution came up and was debated at much length. Mr. Cullom offered a resolution granting permission to the Committee on Railroads to sit during the recess and investigate the subject of Inter-State Commerce. Mr. Cockrell objected, and the resolution went over. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th the resolution offered by Mr. Blair, authorizing the Committee on Education and Labor to sit during the recess, was agreed to. Mr. Cullum's resolution for the appointment of a select committee of five to consider and report upon inter-State commerce was also agreed to. After an executive session the Senate adjourned. The Senate, in executive session confirmed Nelson H. Davis to be Inspector General, with the rank of Brigadier; Absalom Baird, Inspector General, with the rank of Colonel; Edward D. Clark, of Mississippi, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; and Sidney D. Jackson, U. S. Marshal for Western Texas.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 18th, the injunction of secrecy was removed from the resolution introduced by Mr. Edmunds and agreed to by the Senate.

Whereas, The Senate of the United States has learned that the government of the Republic of Guatemala has set on foot or threatens to set on foot an invasion of the territories of the Republics of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and San Salvador, with the professed object of consolidating into one government the Republics of Central America by force of arms, and against the wishes of the several republics concerned. It was suggested that as there was nothing in particular before the Senate it ought to be able to adjourn on the 20th. The idea of early adjournment prevailed. Before deciding it, however, Senator Voohrees made the statement that the President had indicated to him that he desired the Senate here next week, or at least for the first part of the week. Business had pressed the President so closely that he was unable to prepare the list of official changes desired before the close of this week. He had nominations to submit on which the Senate would be called to act. Senator Voorhees thought it would be better to remain until the President got through with them. It was so decided. This would seem to indicate that quite a number of nominations may be expected soon.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Sherman offered a resolution, which was laid over providing for the appointment of two Senators to wait upon the President and inform him that unless he had some further communication to make, the Senate was ready to adjourn without day. George Gray, Senator-elect from Delaware, and Ephraim K. Wilson, Senator-elect from Maryland, were sworn in, and took their seats in the Senate of the United States.

FAST AND SURE.

Strong in the faith of woman
I lift mine eyes to thine,
I feel thou art a true man
To love as fond as mine,
Fond as the flower that turneth
To where the sunbeams shine.

What need of words revealing
All thou dost know full well?
True love hath no concealing,
And eyes will secrets tell,
Love firm as rocks still braving
Unmoved the ocean's swell.

Within thy hand now laying
My hand I place secure,
Nor doubt nor fear betraying;
My faith is fast and sure—
Fast as the twining ivy,
As oaks that storms endure.

Nay, if my pulses flutter,
'Tis not the throb of fear;
My lips no word could utter
Of doubt while thou art near;
So let my stay be ever
Thine arm so strong and dear.

Yes—draw me to thee nearer,
And whispering sweet and low,
In accents that are dearer
Than chiming water's flow,
Tell me the love thou feelest
No change can ever know.

Oh! thus upon thee leaning,
As woman ever should,
Thy heart may learn the meaning
Of trustful womanhood,
Leaning on man her weakness,
With strength to be endued.

A TOY DRAMA.

Colonel Poland, of the Indian army, and late of the Hussars, was a man whose ill luck had long been proverbial among his friends. He had originally joined a crack cavalry regiment, in which he was by far the most popular officer. But good nature was a more conspicuous quality in Frank Poland's character, than discretion, and in an evil moment he backed a brother officer's bills for a very considerable amount. Needless to say that his friend absconded, and was declared bankrupt, and that Poland being only a younger son, with a small allowance, was obliged to exchange into a regiment of Indian native cavalry.

He was a married man with a delicate wife and a couple of young children, and the climate speedily made his wife a chronic invalid, while the children faded away and died before their parent's eyes. The unfortunate man was too poor to afford to send them to England, and his father declined to assist him, saying with more truth than kindness, that he had been the cause of his own ruin, and must make the best of his altered circumstances.

Grief almost killed Mrs Poland, and nearly broke the Major's heart—for he was not the Colonel, then. He would have resigned his commission, and left the country he looked upon as accursed, but necessity kept him at his post, and he lived on, a dreary, hopeless existence, among a people he hated, and in a land which had become detestable to him. Two years after the death of their second child, a third was born to the Colonel and his wife—a son, whom they called Rupert. The two loved this youngest baby with a devotion that was almost pitiful in its intensity, for they dreaded the fatal air of the place, and scarcely dared hope that he would escape the fate of his brother and sister; but Rupert was a strong healthy child, and for the first three years of his life scarcely had a day's illness.

Poland began to think his luck had turned at last. He had recently been promoted to a Colonelcy, and shortly expected to command his regiment; his wife, too, seemed to revive in the delight of her boy's existence, and Rupert himself was as little spoiled as any child could be, considering the amount of affection lavished upon him.

But just when the prospects of the family seemed to brighten, a new terror rose to torment the luckless Colonel. His child began to show premonitory symptoms of the same wasting disease which was already so terribly familiar to his parents, and the chance of losing him, too, began to present itself with dreadful persistence before their imagination. So far, indeed, there was no cause for immediate alarm Poland's perceptions were quickened by his overpowering anxiety and affection, or he would scarcely have noticed that little Rupert's face occasionally wore a hectic flush, and that he seemed to tire of play sooner than was altogether natural.

Husband and wife, for a long time, therefore, kept up the painful farce of pretending to ignore each other's fears, but an explanation was finally inevitable. Poor Mrs. Poland, vainly striving to check her tears, implored her husband to tell her candidly if anything was really wrong with her darling, and he was forced to admit that the doctor had recommended a sea voyage and a change of climate.

"And how the poor child is to get either the one or the other I'm sure I can't imagine," he groaned.

"Surely your father would do something if he only knew!"

But the Colonel shook his head very drearily.

"I can't ask him, my dear; no, there is nothing else for it; I must send in my papers, and we must try to keep out of the work-house somehow or other. Anything to save Rupert."

And so the matter was settled. Colonel Poland was to resign his commission, and the little family were to start for England by an early steamer. But the very day before he sent in his papers, it happened that an old comrade of the Colonel's was passing through the station in which he was quartered—Surgeon Major Bradley, who had been invalided home, and was making the best of his way to England with his wife.

They stayed a couple of nights at Bundapore, and sympathized deeply with the Polands in their dilemma. Dr. Bradley seemed to take a great fancy to Rupert; he was childless himself. On the second morning he came to the Colonel and offered to take charge of the boy until his parents returned to England.

"It would really be rather a favor than otherwise," he protested. "My wife and I are very dull by ourselves, and if you could only trust us, I am sure we would take as good care of the boy as if he were our own. But you know you must make up your mind at once."

The Colonel grasped his friend's hand in silence, but he could not realize the position.

"I don't want to press you," said Bradley, "but it certainly seems a pity that you should cut the Service now, and starve on half pay, when there is such an easy way out of the difficulty."

So, after a long discussion between Poland and his wife, it was settled that the Colonel should accept his friend's offer, and send Rupert to England, while he and his wife remained at Bundapore.

There was very little time for preparation, or for prolonged leave-taking. The poor mother strove to console herself with the thought that her child's life would be saved, but she suffered terribly in parting from him, while the Colonel's feelings were none the less deep because his manhood forbade him to parade them. As for Rupert, he had taken wonderfully to his new friends, and as his old nurse went with him, his childish sorrow was soon consoled by the novelty of the journey, and the change of scene.

Two years passed and the Polands were almost reconciled to the separation by the comforting letters they constantly received from Dr. Bradley. Rupert was growing up a strong, healthy boy. He was wonderfully sharp and intelligent, and had by no means forgotten his parents. The Bradleys were living near Tunbridge Wells, as London, they thought, was not good for children, and the country air suited Rupert to perfection.

Mrs. Poland almost lived upon these letters, in which her little one's life was so minutely and faithfully depicted, that she was tempted to forget the dreary waste of sea which lay between them. In another year the Colonel would retire on a good pension, and then they would be again united. Rupert had had only one misfortune—his old native nurse was dead—but Mrs. Bradley said that she thought she had found an excellent substitute.

Only six months were wanting to complete the Colonel's term of service, when, by the same mail, arrived a couple of letters from England, one in a black-bordered envelope, addressed in a stiff, formal hand, and the other from Dr. Bradley. The Colonel opened the black-edged letter, and handed the other to his wife, The first was from a lawyer, curtly informing him tnat his father and elder brother had been drowned on a yachting trip.

"Good God, how awful!" cried Poland.

His father had been his worst enemy, and his brother had never raised his little finger to help him. But blood is thicker than water, and the good man was grievously shocked by the news. As he stared at the open letter, he suddenly heard a shiek, and turning round, saw that his wife had fallen, fainting, to the floor.

"Why, Bessie, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, and then his eye fell on the letter from Dr. Bradley. Picking it up he strove to revive his wife as he began to read it. The first few sentences turned his bronzed face to the lips.

Rupert was lost! He and his nurse had disappeared, and not a trace could be found of them. Detectives had been set to work, still nothing had resulted from their exertions but vague and unsatisfactory clues. Rewards had been offered, and scores of children had been inspected, but Rupert was not among them. Dr Bradley wrote that he and his wife were almost beside themselves with anxiety, and dread to meet Col. Poland, who would never forgive them for being the innocent cause of this unlooked-for catastrophe.

Poland called his servants to take his wife to her room, feeling utterly stunned and helpless.

One thing was clear in his mind—that he must sail for England without a day's delay, whatever the cost might be. And then he suddenly remembered that he was now a rich man, and in the bitterness of his heart cursed his cruel fate, which ever seemed to mock him with vain hopes of happiness. Presently the unhappy mother recovered from her swoon, and awoke to the full sense of her misfortunes. The Colonel utterly failed to console her; indeed, his own despair was too evident to permit him to inspire either hope or comfort.

"But perhaps he is found by this time," he said.

"No, no!" moaned his wife; "they would have telegraphed. I shall never see him again!"

On the misery of the return journey—the journey to which the Colonel and his wife had looked forward so eagerly for years—it is needless to dwell. In six week's time they were in England, and had learnt all there was to hear of their loss.

Not the smallest trace had been found of the child and nurse, except that the detectives were practically certain that they had gone to London, and there disappeared utterly.

What had induced the woman to take this extraordinary step, Doctor and Mrs. Bradley utterly failed to imagine. She had always been a steady, honest girl, and the mystery was beyond their comprehension. So, with a mighty effort, the poor Colonel forgave his friends, and settled down into a life spent in unremitting, tollsome, and ever-tantalizing search for the lost child. He spared neither money nor trouble in the one object of his existence. He searched every work-house, hospital, infirmary, and school in London, until his eyes were weary and his heart sick with disappointed longing. He made fruitless journeys all over England in search of a fancied resemblance, or led by the plausible tale of an impostor. And after a year so spent, he was forced to confess to himself that his chance of success grew more and more remote.

Mrs. Poland's health had somewhat improved by the change of climate, but she, too, had small pleasure in life, so long as her son could not be found.

The Colonel's relatives laughed at him behind his back for his apparently useless persistence.

"Of course the little beggar's dead," remarked to his friends young Martin Poland, who, by the way, was the Colonel's presumptive heir. "He always was a weakly brat. Just imagine spending your life in running about from Poplar to Seven Dials, and from Land's End to John o' Groats, to see every child in the Kingdom who happens to have light hair and blue eyes! It's positively irritating to see the head of the family make such an idot of himself!"

"It would be rather awkward for you, too, if the child is found," suggested a malicious old gentlemen, whose mission in life was to rub people the wrong way.

"Oh, I should be too delighted!" replied Martin; "but I am afraid the old Colonel will be imposed upon, you know, and adopt some scrap of humanity that does not belong to him."

In spite, however, of such sneers, Colonel Poland and his wife hoped against hope, and took a somewhat melancholy pleasure in doing all they could to relieve the wretchedness of the poor little gutter children whom they found in work-houses and hospitals, and even in the streets.

Christmas was drawing near, and the Colonel, according to his custom, was full of benevolent plans for the welfare of these waifs and strays of infant humanity. One day an announcement caught his eye that a certain paper proposed to raise a fund for providing toys for Chrismas presents for these children.

"A splendid idea!" cried the worthy man. "I'll send them a subscription at once; and we'll go round to the shops, Bessie, and buy some toys for them, too."

His wife eagerly assented, and they spent an afternoon and a good many sovereigns in buying such an assortment as they felt convinced would do much to relieve the misery of many a friendless little sufferer.

"By the way," said Mrs. Poland, "I see that there is a competition for the best home-made toy. I used to be rather clever at that sort of thing."

The mother's voice failed her as she thought of the lost darling whose eagerly expectant face had done so much to inspire her dexterity.

The Colonel pressed her arm in mute sympathy, and said:

"Do, dear; it will be a nice occupation for you."

They spent a good part of the evening in deciding what form the proposed toy should take.

"What do you say to a doll's house?" asked Mrs. Poland, after several other suggestions had been discarded as impracticable; "made, you know, as a model of our old bungalow. I don't think it would be difficult."

"Capital, my dear; you must set to work at once, and I'll help you."

So the bungalow was duly begun, and in due time was finished off to admiration. Mrs. Poland was really sorry when the moment came to part with it; the sweet and bitter memories it called up, although they cost her many tears, seemed to lift her out of her terrible sorrow, and, woman-like, she took a sad pleasure in reproducing in minjature, the house where she had endured so much misery. The little model seemed to bring her nearer to her lost boy, and she loved it almost as a friend.

"I wonder who will get the bungalow?" she said to the Colonel, when the doll's house had been duly packed and sent off to its destination.

"I'm afraid I can't say, my dear," answered her husband, "but I believe we can easily find out."

"I think I should like to know what becomes of it."

"So you shall, Bessie; I'll see to that," said Colonel Poland, always eager to gratify her every fancy.

The scene was a ward of an East-end hospital for children.

Low-voiced, neatly-dressed nurses were passng to and fro among numbers of little cots, each of which contained some tiny scraps of suffering humanity. But the restless limbs were quieter than usual, the queruless cries were less frequent; there was a rare look of delighted expectation upon the upturned faces; eyes were brighter, cheeks flushed with a color that was not altogether hectic, and small tongues showed an invincible disposition to chatter, which the nurse's authority could not altogether restrain.

For Christmas was close at hand, and with Christmas came, so the children had heard, all sorts of beautiful toys, such as none had ever dreamed of being able to call their own; Christmas cards, new sixpences, and joys wonderful and altogether beyond imagination.

And presently rapturous expectation ended in blissful reality; a chorus of delight and surprise filled the long, formal room, where the cries of pain, were, alas, much more frequent, and every child in the ward fondled some toy which chased the look of suffering from its face, and infused into its dull life a new and exquisite pleasure.

One little fellow alone did not seem satisfied with the splendid wooly donkey which had fallen to his share. He cast wistful and wondering looks upon the prize which had been bestowed upon his neighbor—a doll house of a somewhat unusual pattern.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked a nurse, very kindly, with whom Bob, was an especial favorite.

"Please, nurse, may I see Ada's doll's house?" pleaded the child.

"But, Bob, you know you ought to be content, with the donkey."

"Oh, please, nurse, may I look at it?"

And the proud woman had not the heart to refuse. Ada was a contented child, and was easily prevailed upon to relinquish her claim to the doll's house, and to transfer her affections to the donkey. And Bob lay staring at his new toy as if he could never take his eyes off it.

"Are you satisfied now, Bob?"

But Bob's eyes filled with tears, and he touched the house with trembling and careful fingers, as though he half expected it to vanish away from his sight.

"It's like the house we used to live in, nurse, ever so long ago," he said. "This is where the nursery was; and Mamma used to sleep here. Oh, nurse, shall I ever see Mamma again?"

"Of course you will, Bob," answered the nurse, with a catch in her throat, and wondering what the little fellow could be thinking about' "But cheer up, darling, you mustn't cry to-day, of all days in the year."

There was a stir at the other end of the ward, as some visitors entered to see the children and their toys. Two of them were a tall, gray-haired gentleman, very erect and stiff, accompanied by a lady some years younger than himself, with a sad expression and wistful eyes.

"I think, Madam, your toy was sent into this ward," said the Superintendent, who acted as guide; "but Mrs. Price will know. A doll's house Mrs. Price, with one story and a veranda."

"Yes, Madam," said Mrs. Price, hurrying up to them. "I gave it to one child, but another pleaded so hard for it that I let him have it, instead of his own toy. This way, if you please."

"What is the name of the little pleader?" quickly asked the Colonel, strangely interested.

"Robert Home," answered the nurse, surprised; "at least, so we were told. He was found a month ago in a wretched den in Shoreditch, and has been very ill with a slow fever. His mother went off with a sailor, and left him starving—the wretch! In the cot, just beyond—there!"

As she spoke, they approached the cot, but the little occupant was too much absorbed in the contemplation of his new treasure, to notice them. So he went talking to himself about it:

"Yes, I'm sure we used to live here; this is my room—and papa's study—and the dog-kennel—and——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what can this mean?"

But almost before the words were uttered, his wife sprang forward, and, seizing the child by its little shoulders, turned its startled face full into her own.

And then a great cry of joy filled the ward, and the children wondered as they heard a woman's voice sobbing out:

"Oh, Rupert, my own sweet darling! Thank God, we have found you at last!"

Rebecca's Prisoner.

The day had been a dreary one for the young matron, Rebecca Parsons. She was entirely alone in their humble forest home as she, the bride of a few months, had given a "God speed" to her Rufus and bade him go with the brave band of Massachusetts volunteers to fight for freedom and a freeman's right.

Rebecca wrapped herself in warm shawls, caught up the milk pail and started to the barn, looking back at the bright fire that burned in the great, wide fireplace. She burst into tears, and said:

"I can't—I can't spare Rufus much longer, it's so lonely here now. I'd rather be oppressed by old England and have Rufus home than to be free and live without him. Then—he may be killed!"

Rebecca milked Bonny Lass, the sleek, gentle cow, and was pulling down hay for Prince's supper, when she was startled by a faint moan. Another louder groan alarmed her. Weak and nervous from a recent illness, she almost fainted.

"Help me, friend, if you can," said a weak voice.

Rebecca nerved herself to search for the sufferer. In the hay loft lay a young man dressed in the hated uniform of a British soldier.

"I am your prisoner, lady; do not betray me for the sake of my young wife. Think if it were your own husband;" and he swooned, so weak and sick as he was from the effort it cost him to make this appeal to his captor.

Rebecca's heart was a tender and womanly one. She ran to the house for brandy and wine, and gave it to the soldier. She looked at the wound; a gaping, cruel one it was, and in the chest too, but only a flesh wound. She then carefully washed and dressed it.

Having revived him, she gave him her arm to the house, where he could be concealed in the garret chamber from chance visitors.

A high fever came upon the patient. For days he raved in delirium, and Mrs. Parsons found it hard to control him. Two week's careful nursing and he was out of danger, but very weak and spent.

"I want to show you this, Mrs. Parsons, the picture of my wife," said Reginald Lingard, as he took from his wallet an ivory painting of a sweet-faced, golden-haired girl, whose violet-hued eyes beamed with hope and joy.

"This is my poor little Lucie, and she is just as good as she is beautiful. Poor darling! she was almost heart-broken when I came to America. I left her unconscious. It was hard to leave her so, but a soldier must go wherever he is ordered. I shall tell her when I get home that an enemy saved my life. I was wounded in the last skirmish, and so weak when I crawled into your barn that I only wanted to die. How kind you have been to me!"

At supper, as she sat alone, two strong arms were folded about her, and a loud voice greeting told her Rufus had come home.

"Are you surprised to see me, little woman?" asked Rufus.

"Indeed I am, as I did not know you were near here. Is there anything wrong, Rufus?"

"Oh, no, but it is rumored that a redcoat is in this neighborhood. Now don't be fearful, Rebecca. I am here to-night, and good news, dear, after this week I am coming home to stay all the time."

For once in her wedded life Rebecca had a secret from her husband. She dreaded to tell him about her prisoner, fearing he would think it his duty to give the poor soldier over to the American authorities, and pity for the young English wife made her heart tender to ward her captive. For once, she was sorry to have Rufus come home.

At daybreak Rufus kissed Rebecca and rode away, bidding her keep watch for stray redcoats.

At 9 she prepared a lunch for Mr. Lingard, made him as comfortable as she could, and her prisoner took his leave.

"God keep you and yours, and reward you for this," said the soldier, as he left the humble forest home.

Rufus came home as he said he should, and Rebecca could not rest until she told him all.

"I am glad, little woman, that you did not tell me sooner, as I should have thought it right to have given him up, but I am glad that you saved the English girl's husband for her. No doubt she would have done as much for you."

A year rolled by, and the war still went on. Rufus and Rebecca worked with a will to aid their cause. In those early days letters were few and scarce, but one morning there came a packet from England for Mrs. Rufus Parsons.

It was a great event in their monotonous lives, and delighted indeed was the young housewife at the dainty, pretty articles of dress and the toilet table sent by Mrs. Reginald Lingard.

Rufus and Rebecca's little son was born to a heritage of freedom upon the very day the bells rang their joyful chimes, telling the glad story of peace and a victory.

The summer Richard was 18 a great surprise came to the Parsons family.

Sir Reginald Lingard, with his wife and two young daughters, drove up to "Hazelwood Farm" one morning.

Rebecca Parsons and Lady Lucie Lingard were at once tender and true friends, each forgetting the difference in dress and station.

Victoria, the eldest daughter, was a genuine aristocrat, and a little inclined to snub and patronize all Yankees; but Beatrice, the *piquante*, black-eyed gypsy, was in love with everything she saw.

When Sir Reginald was ready to start for home he discovered his little Bee was not heart-whole.

"What are we to do about it, Parsons? I think our two young people are in love with each other. I think my Bee is too young to marry, but if they are of the same mind a few years from now I will give my consent."

"And I mine," said honest Rufus Parsons. "And I think my son good enough to mate with a princess."

"I think so too, or I should not be willing to give my bonny Bee," answered Sir Reginald.

The last evening of their stay in America was a never-to-be-forgotten one to Bee and Richard, who plighted their troth and planned how they should spend the years that should pass before Richard could make her his own cherished wife.

Rich Men's Sons.

If there is any person in the world to be envied it is the one who is born to an ancient estate, with a long line of family traditions and the means in his hand of shaping his mansion and his domain to his own taste, without losing sight of all the characteristic features which surrounded his earliest years. The American is, for the most part, a nomad, who pulls down his house as the Tartar pulls up his tent poles. If I had an ideal life to plan for him it would be something like this:

His grandfather should be a wise, scholarly, large-brained, large-hearted country minister, from whom he should inherit the temperament that pre-disposes to cheerfulness and enjoyment, with the finer instincts which direct life to noble aims and make it rich with the gratification of pure and elevated tastes and the carrying out of plans for the good of his neighbors and his fellow creatures. He should, if possible, have been born, at any rate have passed some of his early years, or a large part of them under the roof of the good old minister. His father should be, we will say, a business man in one of our great cities, a generous manipulator of millions, some of which has adhered to his private fortunes, in spite of his liberal use of his means. His heir our ideally placed American, shall take possession of the old house, the home of his earliest memory.

Is not this a pleasing programme? Wealth is a steep hill, which the father climbs slowly and the son often tumbles down precipitately, but there is a table land continuous with it, which may be found by those who do not lose their head in looking down from its sharply cloven summit. Our dangerous rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening, but if the gold-pointed lightning rods are highly distributed the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly.

Old People as Travelers.

In Europe and in this country it must often have been observed how many people of an advanced age, women as well as men, are traveling for health or pleasure. These people, of course, have means, but as they seem in many respects to act more judiciously in the selection of localities and in adjustment to new climates, customs and conveniences than the younger folk, it is obvious that trained and disciplined faculties tell in travel as in everything else. The astute hackman or boatman does not gull these veteran tourists into paying two prices for a service, does not entice them into fruitless expeditions and does not cheat them by assurance as to weather not borne out by meteorological observation. The gray-headed business man on his travels does not part company with his business ideas and methods. He soon advises himself as to his new surroundings and is in a short time better informed as to many matters than the natives themselves. A young man would laugh at the idea of seeing the world under the guidance of one of the seniors, but he might do a much more foolish thing. He can see a shallow and superficial part of a novel world in his own way, but under the care and council of a ripe mind he will see and learn things that his own vision never dreams of. This remark is not wholly inapplicable to the young ladies. These bewitching creatures too might make travel far richer in results by occasional associations with much older persons.

An Even Thing.

He was the attendant of a railroad lunch counter at a station in Indiana. The other day, as a stranger called for a cup of coffee, the attendant glared at him for a moment and then began to spit on his hands.

"What's up?"

"Going to have revenge on you."

"What for?"

"We were in Wall street together ten years ago. You advised me to buy railroad stock and unloaded on me and brought me down to $40 a month."

"Well, don't get mad about that. It wasn't a year before a chap unloaded coal oil on me, and I'm braking on this train out here for a dollar a day."

"They kissed and called it an even thing."

Who?

A big, old-fashioned barn in the country, piled full of sweet-smelling hay; thousands and thousands of clover blossoms, with honey cups over which fat bumble bees tumbled and buzzed, gathering their sweet burden, were stowed away in the loft; golden buttercups mingled with the grass; great ox-eyed daises, on which Aunt Alice drew such cunning little baby faces, were ruthlessly beheaded and packed away in the mows.

Such a delightful place for a romp and a tumble! Such delightful tea parties as were held out there! All the dolls were invited, and sometimes Moppet's whole family of kittens, only they would be so rude aboutsticking their heads in the milk jar.

Four little folks from the city were spending a month with their cousins, and the old barn was the favorite playhouse. Amy Goodwin sat under a horse chestnut tree one afternoon, very quiet and thoughtful.

"O, Amy!" cried Cousin Jessie," "we're going to have supper in the barn; Dora will give bread and cake, Will is picking berries and Flossy is making a real salad out of the cook book. Johnny brought her some *garbage* from down the creek to put in, but I think it smells awfully."

"'Tisn't garbage, it's garlic," corrected Amy shortly. "I'm not going to that old barn to eat!"

"I'd be more polite to my companions, anyway," retorted Jessie. "In the city it is considered very ill-bred to correct people!" And Jessie walked away with a dignified air but Amy made no movement toward following her.

"I wonder what ails Amy lately; she is so quiet," said Aunt Alice.

"She looks so pale and worried all the time; I cannot understand it," said her mother anxiously.

"She mopes along all the while, and will not play," said Horace. "I'm going to find out what the trouble is and see if I cannot bring back her merry laugh," and he sprang down lightly from the porch.

To tell the truth, Amy was worried and was sure no little girl ever had such a dreadful thing happen to her. She was acquiring a very bad habit of not always telling the exact truth about little things. She had never been guilty of a deliberate falsehood, but it is so easy to slip into sly ways.

One evening after tea, she was rumaging in the china closet, which was forbidded, when she knocked down and broke a cut-glass berry dish, which she knew her mother particularly prized. She ran to her usual refuge, the barn, to think it over, and formed a very wicked resolution.

"I'll tell mamma Betty broke it," she thought, "and she won't know any difference, for she sent her away last week. Yes, I'll just lay it to Bettie."

"Who *who-o*?" called a loud, hoarse voice from the loft.

Amy was paralyzed with fright.

"Who, *who-o*, WHO O-O?" rang out from above.

The last fierce question loosed the fetters of fear that bound her limbs, and she dashed wildly into the house, upsetting wee Jamie on the way, and leaving him screaming. She thought it over as she sat alone.

"O dear! O dear! Who could have read my thoughts? I——"

"Hello, Miss Doldrums! In the dumps again? Come on, supper's 'most ready!" and Horace took her hand to lead her away.

"I don't want any supper, and I hate that old barn," she said, holding back.

"Why?" asked Horace, amazed.

"Because there's a ghost there," she whispered solemnly.

Horace began to laugh, but a glance at Amy's pale face checked him.

"How do you know," he inquired.

Then Amy told him all about the mysterious voice.

"Are ghosts always hoarse, do you think, Horace?" she asked.

"Come on and we'll see," he answered, laughing.

"Do you see anything behind me, Horace?" asked the nervous little girl, softly, as they walked toward the barn.

"Nothing but the shadow of a little coward," he answered, gayly.

Amy watched him as he ran up the ladder to the loft, sure she should never dare follow him; but a merry laugh reassured her, and she climbed bravely up, her sun-bonnet falling down her back in the excitement. Horace sat on the hay laughing and pointing to a large staring owl.

"There's your ghost, Amy," he cried; "that's the way ghost stories always turn out."

"I know owls can see when it's pitch dark, but how could he look through me and see that naughty story in my heart?" asked Amy, doubtfully.

"He couldn't," said Horace. "Owls always hoot that way; but, little cousin, there is an All-Seeing Eye that witnesses every act of hidden wrong-doing, and a 'small still voice' that speaks louder, even, than this solemn bird."

Rabbits.

A single firm in Jasper, Mo., has shipped 7,000 rabbits this season. In some sections of Missouri restaurants class rabbits among the "delicacies of the season." The Springfield (Mo) *Herald* has this observation to offer on the subject evidently in the interests of justice: Rabbits are quoted at points on the Gulf Railroad at 24 cents per dozen, while eggs retail at 25 cents. This discrimination against the rabbit in favor of the hen needs investigation and legislation, and as there is no justice in a years' products of a mother rabbit bringing a cent less than the work of an old chicken, who only puts in a couple of week's scratching around in leisure moments dashes off 25 cents worth of produce.

An electric horse chronometer has been invented. The movement is controlled by a current opened and closed by the breaking of an almost microscopic copper wire stretched across the track. It is said to record to the 1-500 of a second.

A SOUTH END man calls his wife Crystal because she is always on the watch.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 25, 1885.

THE SCHOOL TERM.

In the House, on 17 ult., on the bill to increase the minimum of the school term, our representative, Mr. Woodward, delivered the following remarks which will be endorsed by a majority of his constituents:

Mr. WOODWARD. Mr. Speaker, I had not intended to say a word upon this bill, but as the gentleman has referred to my own county, I simply desire to endorse in the most emphatic manner all that he has said. While in some few districts, possibly, this might work as an improvement, in the great majority of the districts in my county the passage of a bill of this kind would operate as a hardship. The population which I have the honor to represent is largely agricultural and consists chiefly of farmers—small farmers, who do a large portion of their work by the assistance of their children. In the planting of their crops in the early spring and the harvesting of those crops in the late fall they are obliged to keep their children at home; they find it an absolute impossibility to send them to school in the late weeks of the spring or the early weeks of the fall, and enjoy the privileges of the present five month term. I am certain that I represent a great majority of the people of my county, therefore, when I appeal to this House not to compel them to maintain a longer term or lose the appropriation from the State.

There is no district in the entire State, where a six or eight month term could not be maintained at the option of a majority of the people in that district. It is only necessary that they elect a school board with that understanding. We have frequently passed bills here which recognized the different circumstances of the different portions of the Commonwealth, by having in them a local option clause. Now, I am not here to advance the local option idea, but since this feature of local option is already incorporated as an element in the very matter we are talking of—since the central of this matter already exists in the board of directors, I appeal to the House to let it remain there, where it belongs.

In reply to Mr. Colborn:

Mr. WOODWARD. The imputation has been made by my friend on my extreme right, that those who oppose this bill oppose it from mercinary motives; at least that is what I understood him to say, that it was because thereby the rate of taxation would be increased. Now, I have to say that neither the gentleman who cast that imputation upon us nor any other gentleman in this House will go any further than I will go in any measure tending to increase the efficiency and importance of our public schools. If the gentleman who has charge of this bill will formulate a measure to levy the tax paid now by either individuals or the appropriation of the State, and arrange that increase so that it will aid us in an increased efficiency of our common schools by paying higher salaries to teachers, and thereby secure better qualifications, leaving the question of the length of terms where it is now, in the hands of the people, and I will go as far as he or any member dare go. It is, in fact, for the efficiency of the schools that I am pleading, and not against them. It is for the efficiency of teaching—the best methods of educating our young people, that I am speaking and not against such a system. I am for a measure—any measure that will promote the welfare of the young people in our schools, but not a measure that is advocated by the teaching population of the State, simply for adding one more month to their meagre salary. Whenever the gentleman will formulate a bill that will secure the advantages I mention, I will aid in its passage. Let him introduce a measure that will so apply our school tax that they will increase the efficiency of our school by securing teachers who are teachers, teachers who are qualified to teach as they should be, and I will go to the bill full length in its support. I am for the welfare of the schools, heart and hand. I say, Mr. Speaker, that in voting against this bill I vote because I believe it to be a bill against the interests of our common schools, adding thereto an increased length of term, and adding to the inefficiency of the system. It is as efficient now as it can be made without an increase of taxation. You may double the taxation, as I said before, if you will apply it properly, and I will support you, but I must resent the imputation that I oppose the bill because it would increase my taxation or the taxes of any other man. It is not generous, and it is not right to make such a statement.

HAPPY THOUGHTS IN THE NIGHT.

For years Mr. Jas. R. Ackley, of 163 West Fayette street, Baltimore, had suffered with neuralgia so that he could hardly sleep. But he writes, "One night I was suffering very much, and the thought struck me that Brown's Iron Bitters would do me some good, and perhaps cure me. It was a happy thought, and to my great joy it has entirely cured me after using two bottles. After three months I have had no return of the symptoms. I cheerfully recommend it as the best tonic I have ever used." Neuralgia sufferers, take the hint.

THE BELLEFONTE FIRE.

The Bellefonte *News* thus counts up the losses and insurance of the late disastrous fire in that borough: Goldsmith Bros., $40,000, insurance $27,000; T. R. Reynolds $22,000, insurance $16,000; Bauer & Co. $4,000, insurance $3200; Van Pelt & Spangler & Co. loss $5,000, insurance $4,000; A. B. Spangler & Co. loss $2,000, fully insured; Joseph Bros. loss $1,300, fully insured; C. Geiring loss $500, insurance $400; J. Newson loss $500, insurance $400; A. Brockerhoff loss $3,800, insurance $2,800; J. I. McClure loss $1,000, insurance $750; the Ammerman estate loss $500, insurance $300; sundry losses about $3,000, making the total loss about $125,000.

In the above we have not estimated the loss of the Messrs. Loeb, merchants, which was considerable, chiefly in having goods carried away.

Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders.—Physicians too frequently fail to recognize what they are, and even if knowing them, lack the skill or their proper treatment, so that they are liable to be allowed to progress until they are almost unendurable, and their victims are made to undergo the most frightful tortures of a surgical operation. Lose no time in taking Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and thus avoid the surgeon's knife. 50c.

ABOUT THE HAIR.

To have beautiful hair and keep it in health requires as much care as the teeth, nails or face. So many twist the hair up in some becoming fashion the year round, and wonder that it gets streaked, thin in spots, and seems harsh and dry. The hair should be loosened every night before retiring, combed free from all tangles with a bone comb (rubber combs have done much to split and break the hair—nearly all have too much electricity to use rubber); then use a stiff brush for a long time, brushing from the top to the very ends.

It is well for the lady who has a maid, for it is impossible to properly brush one's hair if very long. Then braid and for the night.

The scalp should be kept clean and healthy; wash occasionally, and have it thoroughly shampooed two or three times a year as well.

To wash, braid the hair loosely in several braids, take raw egg and rub thoroughly into the scalp (if beaten first it rubs in better), then rinse in cold water with a little ammonia incorporated in it, wring the braids in a coarse towel, sit by a fire or in the sun until dry, then comb out the braids. The braiding prevents much snarling. Where one's hair is thin a quinine lotion will prevent its falling out and give life to the roots. The Parisian fashions for dressing children's hair are as follows: Ringlets are most favored for babies. Little boys have curls in the back and bangs in front.

Little girls have their hair waved and falling down the back, with a colored ribbon to keep it in place. Some young girls have revived the fashion of light hair nets, with large meshes, in which the hair falls loose and as low down as the middle of the back. This style shows the hair to great advantage, and will probably meet with general approval. From sixteen to seventeen years of age the hair is worn high and twisted on the top of the head. With this method of arranging the hair round hats have no elastics, so as not to conceal any part of the pretty waves which the hair forms when thus raised from the nape of the neck. The hat is fastened to the hair by a steel pin with a shell or jet head.

GEN. SHERMAN'S DILEMMA.

A correspondent to the Troy *Press* says: One incident, however, which happened in San Francisso about five years ago, came near breaking the General of the habit which has fastened its terrible grip upon him. The occasion was pretty Alice Harrison's farewell benefit, and, as luck would have it, Tecumseh and his staff were visiting the Pacific Coast Department. So they hired a box and went to the show. No sooner did Miss Harrison appear than old war horse snuffed the battle from afar and began to grow restless. The members of the staff winked at each other and suggested the propriety of going behind the scenes to compliment the beneficiary. This proposition suited the General exactly, so back they went. When they were fairly on the stage the old hero of Atlanta marched up to Miss Harrison with the remark that he hadn't kissed anything since breakfast, threw his arm over her shoulder and beat to bestow a paternal salute on her cheek. He had just reached the goal of his desire and was feeling like a just-admitted angel sliding down a buttered rainbow when that impish young lady saw that the prompter was about to ring up the "drop." Quickly placing her hands over the General's ears so he couldn't hear the bell, she backed him against the curtain. As everybody knows, this is wound around a huge wooden roller on the inside of the canvass. Well the General's coat-tails were caught, and before the prompter could reverse the motion the astounded man was suspended seven or eight feet from the stage like a sheet from a clothes-line. The sight was so ludicrous that the member of the General's staff who told me the story said the audience went into hysterics, for they knew that those convulsively clutching legs and venerable gaiters belonged to no one else than the commander-in-chief of all our armies.

THE SPEED OF THE ARAB.

The popular notion about the speed of the Arab courser is, I think, erroneous. Great speed is not his strong point; the chances are that on any ordinary race course the best Arab in the world would be beaten by a secondrate English race horse. These Arabs were not, of course, first-rate specimens of the race, but they were certainly not bad ones. A fortnight or so afterward, when I was at Tebessa, the commandant showed me an English thoroughbread, which, he said, had easily run away from every Arab he had ever tried him against. But what was far more remarkable about this horse was that once acclimatized and accustomed to the hard life and hard fare of the Arab horses he quite equaled them in hardiness and endurance, as had been proved in the course of many expeditions and tours of inspection among the tribes of the district.

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IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

The belief in luck is deep and strong, and the happy possessor of good luck is always on the watch not to lose it, for nothing is easier than, unconsciously, to make over to some one else the benefits of it. The luck of a whole household may be lost by a careless housewife who lends anything on Monday morning. Some mothers even refuse their married children a turf to light the fire with on the first morning of the week, and carefully place a new turf on the fire for each lighted one lent on other days. To give away milk without first putting in it a pinch of salt is fatal to the prosperity of a dairy, and to part with a homeless dog or any animal that has sought protection also gives away luck. One odd belief is, that though some people are unfortunate in all their own concerns, they have the power of benefiting everyone they come in contact with; they are described as "sonsy;" the pig that is fattened in order to pay the rent due to them always prospers, the wages paid by them go far, their slightest gift is valuable, whilst those of a grudger only bring disaster; and there is something Eastern in the importance attached to gifts and their givers in this way. The peasantry can at once recognize anyone with the priceless blessing of luck by an open and cheerful expression, and, in fact, a good heart goes with good luck.

It is common for one person to put spells upon another, and to influence those at a great distance; thus, if any of the friends or children be travelling on Friday, the Irish mother does not brush or comb her hair on that day, or else they would surely wander and lose their way. Some people do not wash on Friday as a cure for toothache, and many wear little bits of folded paper sewn in their clothes as charms against the same affliction. There are spells and charms for other illnesses, and half the old women wear blessed rings of brass to preserve them from rheumatism.

Innumerable are the means employed by young girls to pierce the darkness of their future as to marriage, but no efforts toward meeting their fate appear to be made by men. It ought to be remarked that pious people speak very sternly against these rites, as many of them—such as the one where girls throw a ball of wool down an old quarry and wait till it is held in the darkness—distinctly raise the Evil One.

CABINET DEFECTIONS.

The diary of Mr. Adams shows that, while he never complained to his Cabinet that they had deserted him, he felt bitterly disappointed that he was not the choice of the politicians and of the people for re-election. He would not, however, even write a few pleasant words of thanks (when asked to do so) to an editor who supported him; neither would he appoint to or remove from office any one because of an individual preference for or against himself. Distinguished politicians from different sections of the country, who would call on him while sojourning at Washington, would be treated with glacial frigidity, and perhaps be unceremoniously dismissed, that he might take a solitary walk or ride on horseback. Gen. Jackson was meanwhile being brought before the public, under the direction of Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren and Edward Livingston, as a "man of the people." They had persuaded him to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States, where he might have made political mistakes, and retire to his farm in Tennessee, while they flooded the country with accounts of his military exploits and his social good qualities. Daniel Webster told Samuel Breck, as the latter records in his diary, that he knew more than fifty members of Congress who had expended and pledged all they were worth in setting up presses and employing other means to forward Jackson's election.

FOSSILS FOR BALLASTING.

Some years ago a most interesting "find" of fossils was made at the Portland stone quarries. They were of high scientific value, and it was decided to send them to Yale College for preservation and study. They were accordingly loaded upon a flat car at Middletown and sent on their way via Berlin—a car-load of them. It was at that time that the fine stone bridge of the Consolidated Road was being built across the Farmington River at Windsor. After the arch of the bridge was set, the space was filled in on top with quantities of broken trap rock from the company's quarries in Meriden. This broken stone at just this time was being drawn to Windsor by the cars for this purpose. The conductor of one train discovered the car-load of fossils side-tracked at Berlin, and felt sure at once that it was a lot of ballast for the Windsor bridge, which had been accidentally left behind. With commendable zeal he fastened to it at once and drew it on to the bridge. There the rare fossils were dumped with the other stones, and there to-day they lie in the solid flooring of the massive bridge.

It is said that the grasshopper has proportionally 120 times the kicking power of a man. A poor young grasshopper never goes to see a rich Miss Grasshopper when old man Grasshopper objects.

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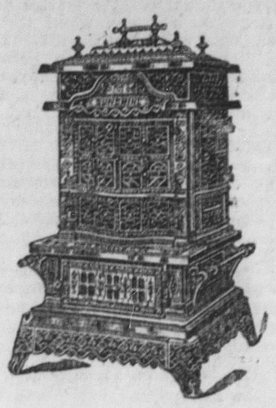
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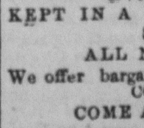
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LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.

A short time ago two individuals were lying in one room sick, one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of the mumps. They were so low that watchmen were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of the fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over them one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud or to move any part of his body, except his arms; but seizing a pillow he managed to strike the watcher with it. Being thus suddenly awakened, that individual sprang from his seat and fell to the floor, arousing both the nurse and the fever patient.

The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved; he never saw so sudden a change for the better, and now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicine?

And this reminds me of another case: A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell; each individual shook hands with the dying man and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet ape, and shaking the man's hands, also went away with its hands over its eyes. It was such a ridiculous sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and he laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke and his life was saved.

WASHING THE FACE.

There are some who object to washing the face often, especially with soap, thinking this an injury to the complexion. But those who have made a specialty of skin diseases say no part of the body needs soap so much; that the face, being constantly exposed to dust, collects so much, it is not enough to wash it in clear water. They say if soap makes the face shiny, as so many claim, it only shows that it is the more needed, and that the work of drying after the bath has not been properly performed. The face however, should not be wet immediately before or after going out. Its most thorough ablution should be performed at night, before going to bed, and the following method should be observed in the process: Fill a basin with soft, warm water, lather a medium-sized sponge with good soap, and wash the face carefully. Then take fresh water, without soap, and wash again with the hands, and rub thoroughly with a Turkish or crash towel until the face is dry and tingling. This will do much toward improving and preserving the complexion; and the little vexatious black spots, called "flesh worms," will usually disappear after a time, if it is persevered in.

THE GINGER PLANT.

Everybody is acquainted with the rhizomes or "roots" of this plant, which in a dried state are used medicinally, and when green as a condiment. The preserved ginger of the shops is prepared from carefully selected young rhizomes, washed and scraped, and then preserved in jars with syrup. As in the case of several other plants of famous economical repute, the native country of the ginger plant is not known. Stranger still, the flowers are rarely or never produced under cultivation, although the the plant has been a garden inmate for centuries. In the tropics, however, flowers are produced. Like the cardamoms, the grains of paradise, the turmeric and several other members of the ginger family, the leaves of the ginger plant have a strong aromatic odor when bruised, and for this charcter alone these plants are deserving of a place in gardens. The ginger plant is easily grown in a moist, warm house. The leaves are deciduous, and whilst the plant is at rest it should be placed on a shelf or under a stage in a warm house and be kept dry. In the Spring the rhizomes may be shaken out of the old soil and repotted in any ordinary garden soil. The stock may easily be increased by dividing the rhizomes.

A BEE'S WORKING TOOLS.

Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, are only to be seen with the microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insect carries to the hive. Finally, by opening them, one upon another by means of a hinge, these two pieces became a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the combs.

Woman is a luxury. Unless a man's circumstances permit of luxuries he had better be content with sewing on his own collor studs.

A beautiful golden-winged butterfly was caught last Friday at Roudout, New York.

ICE WITHOUT ICE-HOUSES.

Ice has passed from the list of luxuries to that of the necessity of farm life. Whoever lives where ice is formed, and so near to a body of water that the hauling will not be too costly, should have an ice-house. Ice keeps best in large masses, and in building it will be found that a house to hold enough for two years will cost but little more than one for a single year's stock. Occasionally the ice crop fails over the greater part of the country. A mild winter will cause no anxiety to one who has a supply of ice left over. If one has an abundance of ice, but no house, and has straw in plenty, it may be worth while to stack up a lot, though it can hardly be expected to last all summer. The ice stack is especially used when the ice-house is not large enough to hold a full supply if the ice is freely used. An ice-stack to be drawn upon during the early part of summer, will allow the store in the house to be a long time undisturbed. If the stack can be made in a shady place, all the better; select a spot where the water will drain off, and lay down a tier of rails a foot or so apart; on these put a layer of brush, and upon the brush straw to the thickness of a foot. If possible set a strong post in the centre. Now stack up the ice as in an ice-house, taking care that the mass does not incline to one side. The covering for the sides may be straw, salt hay, swale hay, or even leaves, but the latter will need to be held in place by boards. A foot in thickness of protecting materials will do but thicker will do better; old boards, with braces to press them against the straw, etc., may be used if needed; the stack is to be finished by a roof of straw, put on with pins and rope, as in finishing off a hay-stack. On grain farms, where straw is abundant, the mass of ice may be covered with a great thickness of straw, by building a stack over the ice. In using from such a stack the ice should be taken off on all sides regularly, and care taken to properly replace the covering. The larger such a stack the better—a cube of ice twenty feet on each side.

A LITTLE HERO.

A sad story of a French drummer-boy is told at Heidelburgh in connection with the last siege of that city. The Austrians were in possession of the place, and the only means of attacking them was by crossing the old bridge over the river Neckar. But the defenders were well prepared for the attack; they placed their cannon in such a manner that it covered the bridge and its approaches. The French planted their cannon on the opposite side of the river, and kept up a terrible fire, but were utterly unable to dislodge the Austrians from their end of the bridge. The attackers were determined to take the city, but had no other means of doing so than by crossing the bridge, and that was swept by the guns of their opponents. They made repeated charges from their side; but each time they advanced they were mowed down by the Austrian artillery, or repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The French band advanced as far as the centre of the bridge, exciting the soldiery with their martial strains, but were compelled to retreat with the retreating men. Again and again the musicians advanced and retreated with their comrades, until at last a little drummer-boy, disdaining flight, mounted on the parapet of the bridge, and, although his fellow-bandsmen fled with the soldiers, stood his ground manfully, beating vigorously to recall the men to the charge. On rushed the Austrians with fixed bayonets, while the little hero, still beating his drum defiantly, was run through the body by some brutal foe. As he fell over the bridge into the rapid rushing river below, the poor boy cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!" The last words of the little conscript were heard both by friend and foe, and are yet remembered in Heidelberg. On wild nights, as the peasant crosses the bridge, in fancy he still sees the form of the little drummer-boy beating the fierce alarm, and still amid the rush of the waters imagines that he hears his dying words, "Oh, my mother, my mother!"

AN OLD ROSE-BUSH.

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. This rose-bush is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in some places the principal stem is about as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the apse of the cathedral, and this year the venerable and venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that, after its life of a thousand years, the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is apparently taking a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim at the fact. The person who takes charge of the ancient rose-bush is instructed never to give away a cutting, and its flowers, which are pronounced the very sweetest of their kind, are also jealously guarded from Vendal hands.

When it once enters a man's head to have an ambition to be thoroughly crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavor of him who is proud of the capacity of doing so.

There are in Paris 150 tradesmen who do nothing but deal in old postage stamps.

WANT AND DISTRESS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Charleston, W. Va., March 23.—Reports of great suffering in several back counties among people and stock for want of food have been confirmed. A gentleman who has traveled through Baxter, Gilmore and Calhoun counties, says a few days travel in counties named has proved the destitution and suffering to be indescribable. In many localities the people are on the verge of death by starvation. The stock is no better off than the people, and the animals are dying for want of food. The suffering is great in Roane and Jackson counties. In some sections of the stricken district the people are subsisting on beans, and gruel is made of wheat ground in coffee mills. The greatest suffering exists in parts isolated from towns and railroads, where supplies cannot be gotten. All through the section named the crops are short, and the suffering is beyond the comprehension of those who have not traveled through the mountainous region.

A Scotch minister once said, "No woman could bear pain as well as a man." This is not so. Mrs. Edward Myers, of Rondout, N. Y., submitted to the operation of the removal of her hand without taking ether. Dr. Kennedy, also of Rondout, N. Y., who performed the operation said he never saw such heroism. The lady's disease was erysipelas, and afterwards the doctor gave his "Favorite Remedy" to cleanse the blood. Mrs. Meyers is now well and strong. apr

Eloise Lord, daughter of the millionaire dry goods merchant, G. W. T. Lord, of New York, was secretly married to Francis V. Rider, a traveling salesman. The fact of the marriage has just become public. Mr. Lord feels very badly over the affair.

AN ENTERPRISING RELIABLE HOUSE.

J. Zeller & Son can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, lungs and chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

Chronic Catarrh.

C. W. Mellier, of 406 South Fourth street, St. Louis, is twenty years of age, and has been a sufferer from chronic catarrh, which had become quite offensive. When he came to Dr. Hartman, two months ago, he was told it would take six months to cure him. But he has progressed beyond all expectations, and nearly all signs of the disease have disappeared. Before being treated he could not breathe out of the nose, and now he has perfect control of the nasal organ. PERUNA did the business.

James Dunn, of 1310 Gay street, St. Louis, has suffered from catarrh since 1870. The gentleman told the reporter the following straightforward story of his case. "I took the disease in Memphis. It commenced in my head and extended to my throat, and a bad cough followed. I went to a number of physicians, and they told me my trouble was liver disease, and one said it was palpitation of the heart that caused the cough. For the last year I have been practically worthless. I could not ascend a flight of stairs without suffering from shortness of breath and fast beating of the heart, and my appetite was very defective. After eating I often coughed so hard that I would throw up everything in my stomach. I could not walk any distance without panting. Five weeks ago I went under the care of Dr. Hartman, and now my cough has disappeared and I feel like a new man." PERUNA was his treatment.

Next came George Sauerbaum, residing at 1929 Carr street, St. Louis, who is an old patient of Dr. Hartman. He stated that he had suffered most intensely from chronic catarrh of the head and lungs, but is now almost cured, his lungs being entirely well and his head greatly improved. The gratitude of this gentleman was almost boundless, and he expressed it to the reporter in the strongest terms, saying "PERUNA will cure any disease."

I. P. Dukehart, of Cumberland, Md., superintendent B. & O. R. R. Co.'s Hotels (conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for twenty-eight years, and previously a druggist), writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O. I have used but one bottle of PERUNA between myself and son. He had diptheretic sore throat, and is now well. As for myself, it has entirely relieved the dullness in my head, which has been of long standing—the result of chronic malaria. I never took anything in my life that gave me such great satisfaction. My wife is now taking it also."

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1st day of Feb. 1885, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of April next, being the 27th day of April 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 24th day of Mar. in the year of our Lord 1885, and the one hundred and ninth year of the Independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

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☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. c o w

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Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

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Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFUT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1ε3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.32			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.29				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	10 P.M.
Oak Hall				1.00
Linden Hall				1.08
Centre Hall				1.28
Rising Spring	5.50			1.50
Coburn	6.18			2.20
Laurelton	7.30			3.40
Milmont	7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg	8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.	5 40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	" Montandon		5 46 a m
"	" Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	" Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	" Renovo		9 35 a m
"	arr at Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	" Montandon		10 12 a m
"	" Williamsport		11 45 a m
"	arr at Lock Haven		12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	" Montandon		1 32 a m
"	arr at Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		2 55 p m
"	" Renovo		5 05 p m
"	" Kane		9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	" Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	" Montandon		5 50 p m
"	" Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	" Lock Haven		8 05 p m
"	arr at Renovo		9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	" Montandon		9 37 a m
"	" Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	" Lock Haven		11 33 a m
"	arrives Renovo		12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	" Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	" Montandon		9 16 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		11 20 a m
"	" Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Kane		6 00 a m
"	" Renovo		10 05 a m
"	" Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	" Williamsport		12 35 p m
"	" Montandon		1 36 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	" Philadelphia		7 25 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves Renovo		3 40 p m
"	" Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	" Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	" Montandon		7 49 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		10 25 p m
"	" Philadelphia		2 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie		2 20 p m
"	" Renovo		10 40 p m
"	" Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	" Williamsport		1 00 a m
"	" Montandon		2 05 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		4 20 a m
"	" Philadelphia		7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent

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SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our **New Fruits and Specialties!** together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. GIVE ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, Hoopes, Brother & Thomas, West Chester, Penn'a.

THE YEAR THAT'S GONE.

Down the dark vale of the past,
Backward memory's glance is cast,
O'er the days that fled so fast,
  In the year that's gone;—
Fled for aye, each truant day,
  In the year that's gone.

Fairy islands, bright and green,
On life's desert waste are seen;
But dark waters intervene
  'Twixt the Now and Then,
Shining brightly in the light
  Of the year that's gone.

Joyous spring with budding flowers,
Dancing through the forest bowers,
Heedless was of Time's fleet hours,
  In the year that's gone;—
Gipsied wild that happy child,
  In the year that's gone.

Many were the castles bright,
Peopled with fair forms of light,
Elfin kings and fairies sprite,
  In the year that's gone;—
So sweet visions, that they fled
  In the year that's gone.

Morning fragrance early shed!
Childhood's dear hopes here lie dead;
Youth's wild dreams will soon have fled,
  With the year that's gone;
But e'er bright in memory,
  It shall have a throne!

THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9.40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. As the time for departure approached, there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, if asked, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage; what they meant was, that there was still room to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals thus neglected wandered miserably up and down the whole length of the train, seeking accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flurried and put out. "I knew how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice, "every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we so late?"

She was a middle-aged, somewhat plethoric-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper.

"We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sycophantic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."

"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear, dear! why didn't we come in time? It was all your fault Hester"—this to the maid who followed them as they ranged backward along the platform—"you ought to have packed last night. What shall we do? Oh, thank you so much!" she cried suddenly, with effusion.

A gentleman, who apparently had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the far end, made room by removing rugs and rags, and presently Lady Jones, with a sigh of relief, sank back into the cushions. Then with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats well, Millicent, she cried, "and do keep the door shut. Oh, thank you, sir," she added to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to themselves.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones' new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaved face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat; the other was smaller—a restless little freckled-faced man, with a short red beard cut and trimmed to a point. They did not look like Englishmen; but they spoke the language fluently with a slight accent.

The firm, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had the desired effect. When he said abruptly, "Il n'y pas de place," people retired discomfitted, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, importunate and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French. "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you?" Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. Entrez, monsier; entrez, vite;" and the next minute the stranger was bundled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.

"Extraordinary!" she said, in a loud tone, aside to Millicent, "People never know when they are in the way."

"So forward and presuming!" replied the young lady.

"In my country," said the dark man, "men never intrude themselves on ladies. They wait to be asked."

"We have a very short way of settling with them if they do," added the short man, offensively.

"And pray what do they do with them," asked the last comer, quietly.

He was cool and self-possessed, with a broad face framed in by square-cut grayish whiskers. His upper lip was clean-shaven, showing his firm, rather hard mouth, and his blue eyes were steady and penetrating. Not a man to be trifled with, in spite of his calm manner and unobtrusive demeanor.

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.

"Pitch them out of the window, or on to the line."

"Would you like to do it now?" said the other.

"Be quiet, Thaddy," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said lady Jones, who had espoused the part of her first friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him and abuse him for the next half hour, did he take any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag. By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the two men. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Boulogne steamer; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion; it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and, with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush, you fool!" he replied, angrily. "Don't mention names here."

"It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among the rest the two men, who were smoking close by.

"Come aft, Thaddeus!" whispered the tall man. "Did you hear that name?"

"I did. It must be that murdering villain himself,"

"And you, you fool, to get quarreling with him in the train!"

"Do you think he has his eye on us?"

"You may take your oath of that."

"What in the name of conscience shall we do!"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The steamer being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies reached Folkestone in a more or less battered condition. Now the strangers, like chivalrous gentlemen, came out in their true colors. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They took infinite trouble to prepare the party for going on shore; they helped the maid to fold and strap up the rugs, and made themselves generally useful. Lady Jones was so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the porters rushed on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her carriage.

"Can't be done, mum," he replied. "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train.'

"Absurd!" said her ladyship; "they won't examine mine. I am Lady Jones."

But her ladyship was no better than an ordinary person before the law. The custom house officers were inexorable; and, in spite of her protests, all her small parcels and those of her party, were taken into the search-room, and laid out on the counter. With an imperious wave of the hand, an official ordered her to follow them. To make matters worse, the quiet Englishman, to whom she had been so rude in the train, was standing in the doorway, talking to two other men, and laughing, as she thought, at her distress.

For a moment her two friends were nowhere to be seen.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she said indignantly to Millicent, as the officious searchers turned everything out of her gold-mounted dressing case, and then proceeded to unroll the rugs. "What do they take us for?"

"Everybody is treated alike, dear Lady Jones. I suppose they are afraid of Fenians, or dynamite, or something."

"It is preposterous, disgraceful! Sir John shall write to the papers—I beg your pardon."

This was to an official who had said to her twice, "What is this?"

A small parcel done up in strong brown paper securely tied and sealed.

"I haven't the least idea. Something of my maid's or Millicent's—this young lady here. I really cannot say."

But while she chattered on with accustomed garrulity, the custom house officer had already cut the strings, undone the parcel, and laid bare a small plain tin case.

It had a lid, which was easily opened. Inside were a number of slabs of a whity-brown, sugary-looking substance which might have been tenth-rate chocolate or indifferently-made 'toffee.'

"Some sort of sugar," said Lady Jones. "How odd! I cannot imagine—"

"It's just what I expected," said a quiet voice behind. Hand it over, Mr. Saunders. This is my affair."

"What, Mr. Hopkinson, are you here?"

"Very much on the spot this time, I think, Mr. Saunders. Now, ma'am"—to Lady Jones—"where are your other friends?"

"How dare you speak to me!" she replied, hotly, recognizing her old enemy of the train. "I am Lady Jones,"

"Of course, all right," replied the man called Mr. Hopkinson. "But there," he went on, half to himself, "we don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others;" and with that he whispered a few words to an attendant, and drew back into the crowd.

The examination of Lady Jones' baggage was completed, everything was re-packed, and the party proceeded toward the train. Just as they passed the refreshment-room, a railway guard came up, and touching his cap, said: "The station master has reserved you a compartment. Please come this way."

"How uncommonly civil of him, to be sure!" cried her ladyship. "I suppose it is to make up for this annoyance. I am really much obliged."

Within five minutes the two ladies were stowed away in a carriage by themselves, and the door securely locked. Presently the train ran out of the station up the hill to Folkstonetown, and Lady Jones, who was rapidly recovering her equanimity, after a few ejaculations of delight at being home again, composed herself to sleep in the corner of the carriage.

But fresh annoyance was in store for her. At Folkestone Town station the carriage was unlocked, and three men got in; one of them, to Lady Jones' indignation and dismay, was Mr. Hopkinson, with his black bag, which he kept on his knee,

"You musn't come in here," she said loftily; "this carriage is reserved specially for me. I am Lady Jones."

"Oh, are you!" replied the other. "It is time you should know who I am. My name—"

"I am sure I don't care to know,"

"My name is Hopkinson. I am chief inspector of police from Scotland Yard."

"Well," said Lady Jones, still bold, but with much inward misgivings, "I really do not understand!"

"By this time my men will have arrested your two confederates—your friends who helped you in trying to keep me out of the train at Paris. I knew them all along."

"My friends! I never met them before this morning! Why, I don't even know their names!"

"That won't do. You know as well as I do that they are Phelim Cassidy and Thaddeus O'Brien, American Fenians—"

"Gracious Heavens!"

"With whose connivance you have attemped to convey dynamite into England—a nice little lot of Atlas powder, in slabs too, for convenience in packing."

"I deny, most positively! I! I!—"

"Case is too strong against you. Why, the stuff was found in your possession, and I have it here in my bag; enough to wreck the whole train."

Lady Jones shrieked.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is dynamite here in this carriage? Oh, do, please, throw it away!"

"The concussion would certainly explode it, and we should all be blown to kingdom come! Don't be frightened; you traveled with it all the way from Paris, and would have carried it on to London yourself."

"I assure you I know nothing of this. I am Lady Jones, the wife of Sir John Jones of Harley street. Millicent, help me to explain who I am."

The detective shook his head doubtfully.

"It may be as you say, bnt I don't see my way. Wait till we get to London. If you can prove your identity, at any rate you may escape being locked up; the magistrate may give you bail."

With this cold comfort Lady Jones had to be satisfied, and in dire terror and discomfort she made the rest of the journey to London. Hopkinson, it must be confessed, had alredy made up his mind that it was as Lady Jones had said; but he chose to keep her in suspense.

On reaching Cannon street, the guard brought him a telegram. The detective read it with strong symptoms of disgust,

"Slipped through my fingers! Just when I thought I had them, too! It's the very mischief. What shall I do next?"

After a pause of deep thought he turned suddenly to Lady Jones.

"Do these men know your London address? Yes? Well, if you will assist us now, I think I can promise that nothing more shall be said about this unfortunate affair. But first, you must be secret, silent as the grave. Can I trust you? And this young lady?"

Millicent and Lady Jones answered it in a breath, promising to be most circumspect.

"My idea now is that these men only planted the stuff on you, hoping it would pass unnoticed; whether it did or no they would know by the morning papers, which would be sure to publish an account of the seizure of dynamite. Well,' went on the detective, "no one must know a syllable of this; there shall be nothing in the papers or anywhere. To-morrow or next day they will call at your house to recover their small parcel explaining that it slipped in among your rugs by mistake. If they do, we have them; do you understand? And will you help?"

Lady Jones only too gladly assented

That night the house in Harley street was practically in the possession of the police. Sir John entered into the spirit of the thing; gave his hall-porter a holiday, and installed Hopkinson disguised in his place. On the third day the dark man called, sent up his card, and was given the dynamite. As he left the house his companion joined him, and both were arrested before they had turned the next corner. The trial, with the examination of Lady Jones, was one of the events of the season

Put His Coat On.

Guy Tippleton is a great practical joker. At a country house, not long ago, when the ladies had retired for the evening the gentlemen congregated in the smoking room.

"I say, Ewart," said Tippleton, "I think it's very bad form of you coming in here without taking the trouble to go upstairs and change your coat. If you do it again I certainly shall have those claw-hammered tails cut off."

Next evening the scene repeated—young Ewart strolls into the smoking room with his dress coat on. Without more ado Guy and a few congenial spirits had young Ewart down on a couch and cut the tails off his coat, Ewart took it very coolly. He strolled up to the fire and stood in the attitude, the ladies alleged, to be the favorite one of the male sex.

"You take it very philosophically," said one of Guy Tippleton's friends.

"O," replied Ewart, "it doesn't matter to me. It's not my coat; it's Tippleton's garment. I knew he'd keep his word, so I just dropped into his room in passing and put his coat on."

There was a roar of laughter, and to do Guy Tippleton justice, no one joined in it more heartily than he.

Tears are the shadows that fertilize this world.

Words the English Want.

No American can have traveled in England without learning that its people are no whit superior to ours in bearing or in speech. Moreover their feeling of complacency often deprives them of the power of changing for the better—that is, of learning. The nation that does not progress retrogrades. England is insular and provincial. American is continental and cosmopolitan. Englishmen seldom change except by forgeting. Americans, during a century, have added hundreds of needful words to the language. What we ought to do is, not to drop good words because the English do not use them, but to hold on to them and get more of them to fill up the awkward chinks of the common tongue.

What should we in America do without such words as breadstuffs, bakery, bureau, calico, caucus, dry-goods, dress (for gown), indorse, fall (for autumn), fix (for adjust), freshet, fleshy, hardware, laundry, levee, loafer, lobby, locate, lumber, molasses, narrate, notify, pond, perfumery, posted, quite, reliable, ride (ride in a wagon), sleigh, smart, span (for pair), stoop (for porch,) sparse, store, ugly, (for cruel or cross), venison, vest, woods?

These are all good, honest words, that ought to be and will be retained permanently in the language, yet none of them are known in England in the American sense, except two or three that have recently been adopted for convenience.

The English have no comprehensive word meaning what our "dry-goods" means, and they need one.

For "calico" they use the vague and ambigious word "print."

For "mirror" they always say "glass" ("glaws"), though, as there are a hundred different kinds of glass, mirror is a word they sorely need.

For "homely," as applied to the features, the English, always say either "plain" or "ugly," and deny the propriety of the meaning which Americans give to the word. But Americans are right. "Homely" is exactly what they want to say, for it means considerably more than "plain" and considerably less than "ugly." The English have no equivalent for it; hence, when they wish to say that a lady is homely, they cannot say it; they can say only that she is "plain," that is, that she has no positive beauty, or that she is "ugly," that is, deformed or repulsive—and neither is what they mean.

For "loafer" the English always say either "vagrant," "vagabond," or "dandy," and a loafer is generally neither. England has thousands of loafers, but not one word to describe them.

The English never speak of the "waist" of a lady's "dress" but of the "body" of her "gown," which is certainly neither more correct nor more elegant.

For "bureau" they say "chest of drawers," which is employing circumlocution in place of a name.

For "candy" they always say "sweet," which is a similar subterfuge, using one of the qualities of the article to describe the whole thing itself. "Candy" is not a needful word, but also (which is of far less consequence) it is etymologically accurate, finding its root in French, Italian, Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit.

For "bench" the English say "form." Each is equally good. It is a matter of taste.

For "pantaloons" they always say "trousers," which is, perhaps, preferable because shorter; but both words had better be retained.

For "bakers," "lumber" and "hardware," they have no equivalent words whatever, and have to resort to phrases and sentences to indicate what they mean.

For "perfumery" the English say "scent," and insist that the long word is preferred by Americans because they are pedantic. But this charge of a preference for big words is scarcely borne out by the habit of Americans in saying "help" instead of "servants," "boss" instead "employer," "shop" instead of "manufactory," "guess" instead of "conjectur," "sparse" instead of "thinly populated," and, above all, "fix" instead of the Latin words "adjust," "repair," or "renovate"

The Revolutionary war is far off, and travel has much mixed us up, and young men of culture in this country seem to think it meritorious to unlearn the vernacular and substitute English words. It seems to me to be mere flunkyism, without any redeeming grace.

In the application of words to modern inventions Americans have shown themselves superior to the English. When the first railroad was built the English applied to its parts, as far as possible, the words already in use in stage-coaching; while Americans adopted or invented a new set of words for the new things. For railroad the English say "railway" for depot, "station;" for track, "line;" for locomotive, "engine" (which is only part of a locomotive), for engineer, "driver;" for car, "coach;" for conductor, "guard;" for baggage, "luggage;" for buying a ticket, which is exactly what it is, "booking," which is exactly what it is isn't; for switch, "shunt," merely a vulgar contraction of "shun it."

In America letters go by mail; in England they go by "post"—a verbal survival from that early day when letters were locked in a hole in a wooden post and taken out and borne onward by another. Both words are correct; the choice, a matter of taste.

The word "guess" is used ten times as much here as in England. It is a good, square, honest word, and should not be shunned. English people substitute for it the long word "conjecture" or the flippant word "fancy," which is a cheap contraction of a Greek original, and in no way preferable.

So is "notify" a legitimate word. The word "advise" is always used instead of it in England, but such use is ambiguous by construction, for the word has another and much more important meaning.

I feel even like making a plea for the word "clever" in its American signification. The critic may say that etymologically it meant skillful, dexterous, ingenious; but thousands of good words are used in violation of their original meaning. The word "let" meant to hinder, and the word "prevent" meant to assist, and they were thus employed for centuries, till long after Shakespeare's time. "Charing Cross," the center of London, is a corruption of the French "*cher Reine*"—"dear Queen."

The word clever, as still used colloquially in New England, is an admirable word, and should be preserved in our literature. It means more than good-natured—it means unselfish and obliging, as well as merely amiable: and I hope to see it incorporated into cultured speech and letters. It will be, unless the dudes and snobs have their own way, and we become once more merely an outlying province of England.

"Smart" is another word which should be saved for a language not too prolific in synonyms. The word "talented" does not cover its meaning at all; it makes a natural capability which can be expressed by no other word.

Our language is sadly in need of new words, to describe new things, new relations, new tendencies of thought; and the refined slang and common speech of the United States constitute the chief fountain of its enrichment. Mr. Roswell Smith of the *Century* Company tells me, and I am glad to learn it, that the new dictionary will contain some hundreds, perhaps thousands of new words, notably Americanisms and provincialisms, which, by their usefulness, have vindicated their right. This is an example of courage and discernment as well as public spirit. It will not answer for Englishmen to object that a new word cannot be admitted as proper till they see fit to adopt it. That day has gone by forever. They are outnumbered, and have ceased to be the official custodians of the common tongue. A majority of all English-speaking people are now on the Western Continent; in another generation three-quarters of them will be here; and to our progressive scholars and expert physilogists is allotted the task of henceforth guarding, improving, re-enforcing and fertilizing the language, till it shall make its triumphant way around the world and become adapted to all races of men.

A Freeze-Out.

The revenue raiders have some very thrilling experiences sometimes. A few nights ago a party of raiders were up the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad. In the party was a very quiet but utterly fearless young fellow named Leo Cape. The party approached a distillery in which five men were at work, and as the place was being surrounded the moonshiners discovered that something was going wrong. They made a wild dash, every man going in a different direction. Near by was a creek about fifteen feet wide and eighteen inches deep. The night was one of the coldest of the recent severe weather. A distiller made a bold dash toward that creek.

Lee Cape was on the off side of the stream and put out to intercept him. As the moonshiner approached one bank Lee came up on the other, both panting from a violent race. Without hesitation the fleeing 'stiller plunged in, and as he did so Leo Cape, from the opposite bank, presented a big revolver and said:

"Halt!"

The moonshiner stopped in the middle of the stream.

"Don't run," said Cape.

"Hello, Leo," observed the moonshiner, standing half-waist deep in the icy waters.

"Hello, Moses," said Cape, "come out and give up."

"You come in here and take me if you want me!"

"You run and I'll shoot you."

"I won't run."

"Well, come out, then!"

"I won't!"

"Well, stand there!"

"I'll do it!"

"All right," said Cape; "you'll stand in that water and I'll stand here. I can stand it if you can."

The moonshiner's teeth began to chatter.

At last he said:

"Leo!"

"Hey?"

"I'll have to cave: I'm coming out."

"All right."

And the blockader, shivering and freezing, came up dripping from the creek, and Lee marched him into camp.

Learning Latin and Greek.

There can be no doubt that by the older methods of freely employing Latin and Greek in conversation and in reading, the student might acquire an easy and facile use of those tongues in half the time now spent in learning to read them clumsily and with difficulty; but the college Dons insist that the languages are chiefly valuable as furnishing intellectual trapezes and horizontal bars and dumb bells for students to exercise their wits upon. Whether they are right or wrong is a question for debate. But it may be suggested, as a point not often considered by either side in this controversy, that the practice of studying the grammatical structure of a language before learning the language itself is a clumsy inversion of the proper order. We do not inquire the reasons for scientific facts before we learn the facts. We do not make analysis of things not yet in possession. We do not cook our hare until we catch it. Under the existing system a student is set to study the niceties of Greek and Latin grammar before he knows anything at all about those languages, and there is manifest absurdity in the method, however valuable such study may be when properly pursued. It is like setting a child who has just learned to say "mamma" to consider the relations between verbs and their nominatives, or the methods of forming preterites. If we could devote the three or four years of preparatory study in Latin and Greek, not to the grammar, but to the work of acquiring the facile use of those tongues, our Freshmen might then rationally and profitably take up the analytical study of their grammatical structure. As it is, we require our youth to spend seven or eight years in studying the structural peculiarities of two languages which we give them no chance to acquire at any time.

A cursing driver may spoil your team,

A Strange Acquaintance.

On a dark windy April night a carriage conducted by a sleepy coachman and containing one passenger, passed along a part of a highway which, bordered on one side by a deep ravine and on the other by a deep declivity sloping to a tumultuous torrent, was especially favorable for ambuscade, and where attacks by armed men had already occurred.

Suddenly, when least expected, four bandits furiously assaulted these travelers. The attack was serious, the driver had rolled or been pushed down the ravine where he remained quiet, and the passenger, attempting to defend himself, received a knife-thrust on his arm, when he was saved by the un-hoped-for intervention of a man who dispersed the startled robbers by the violence and unexpectedness of his share in the fray.

While the coachman regained his place the traveler, after binding his wound, pressed the hand of his liberator, a peasant of about 30 years of age, and said heartily:

"Young man, you have certainly saved my life and I am bound to recognize that service."

"Thanks, sir; I have only done the duty of any one, and besides, you could not do anything for me."

"Perhaps you are mistaken without being rich, I am well off, and——"

"Thank you again, sir, but I repeat it, you can do nothing for me."

"Pardon me if I insist, my brave deliverer, but you appear poor and suffering; you have not enough clothing for this cold weather and your face is pale. At least take a little gold while waiting for something better."

"I will, but it is for another."

"How did you happen to be here to help me at the moment when I was about to be overcome?"

"Oh! it is very simple. I followed the road—I heard a noise—I hurried—you know the rest."

"Yes, I know that I owe my life to you, and I would like to be of service to you."

"It is scarcely probable that you could be. But who knows? Will you tell me your name and profession?"

The traveler knitted his brows and remained silent.

"Did you hear my question?" asked the young man.

"Excuse me from telling you either my profession or my name," said the traveler. "Perhaps you would regret having done me a service. But if you cannot come to claim my aid, I can always come to bring you mine. Tell me your name and residence."

"The young man sighed drooped his head and remained silent.

"Did you hear me?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, but you cannot know my residence nor my name. Perhaps you would blush at the interest you now show."

The two exchanged one last look by the light of the lanterns on the carriage set in order during their conversation. Then the young man followed the road in one direction, and the traveler rode on the other way.

The little town of C—— was thronged, woman, children, old men, and boys perching on fences and roofs. The throng awaited an execution.

Strange Peddler (just entering town, pausing near them)—What is going on?

Sexton—They are going to guillotine Andre Marcel.

Peddler—And what has he done?

Old Woman—He has killed his mother. Nothing but that!

Sexton—It is very distressing, for Andre Marcel was a very good boy. I am sure he did not do it wilfully. He has done nothing but weep, the poor fellow, since he has been in prison.

At this moment the crowd became excited. Here he is! Here he is!" was the cry everywhere. All eyes were fixed on a little cart which slowly advanced toward the scaffold.

"I can't see! I want to see!" a child kept crying. The peddler raised him and placed him on his pack.

The condemned man descended from the cart. His head was veiled. His confessor helped him to mount the fatal steps. A large man dressed in black had already preceded him there.

(Silence solemn and affecting.)

In the twinkling of an eye all was ready. The executioner drew off the black veil which covered the criminal's head. Their looks met and both appeared petrified.

"He!"

"You!"

That lasted but two seconds. The executioner grew suddenly haggard and bent as under some invisible burden. It was with a feverish and convulsive movement that he made the fatal knife fall.

From that day the executioner became the prey of a somber and taciturn melancholy. He gave up his position next day, and, although not rich, he gave five hundred francs to old father Marcel during the four years that God left the brave man to mourn for his son.

She Knows More Now.

A fashionable society girl married a man who lived in a country town, and as she really loved her husband, she wanted to do all she could to please him, says the *Merchant Traveler*. One day she told him she was going to make some nice home-made cider for him, and when he came home she had about two bushels of little hard apples piled up in the kitchen.

"Why, Maude!" he exclaimed, when he saw them, "what have you got here?"

"Apples, darling," she replied, with a smiling face.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them of course, love."

"But what did you get such hard ones for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me to make you some home-made cider?" she asked, with a trace of quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but these are not good cider apples."

"Why—why—" she hesitated—"you said you liked hard cider, and, of course, I had to have hard apples to make it with, didn't I?"

The husband kissed the wife and never said a word. Young husbands are not like old ones.

Casting of bronze statues of Buddha is carried on in Bangkok. The process, says a late official report, is of the kind known as "en cire perdue," and the alloy used consists of copper and lead, sometimes with the ad-mixture of a small quantity of zinc. A clay model is first made; upon this a coat of wax is molded, and over this again is put another layer of clay. The whole is then baked, the wax running off through apertures left for that purpose, and the central core being kept in its place by iron pegs, the alloy is then run into the space previously occupied by the wax.

A report is going the rounds that a German electrician has invented a battery which will do wonders if its plans could only be fully carried out. The electric battery must be worked by sunlight mostly, if not entirely, and the cost of the other elements would be reduced to a minimum. If cheap and portable accumulators could be made for storing the electricity the sunlight of a single summer could be made to store up force enough to drive all the mills and railroads for years.

Solid silver can be made a dead surface by annealing the article and plunging it into hot water acidulated with sulphuric acid.

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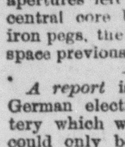

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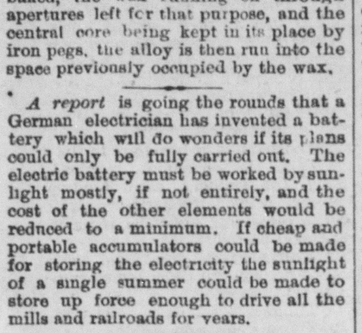

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For fever and ague, and remittents, are the debilitated, bilious and nervous. To such persons, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords adequate protection by increasing vital stamina and the resistant power of the constitution, and by checking irregularities of the liver, stomach and bowels. Moreover, it eradicates malarial complaints of an obstinate type, and stands alone unequalled among our national remedies.

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BORAZEL PROVED to be "The True Remedy for NASAL CATARRH," by many trials under the observation of several eminent physicians. An agreeable, direct application. Prepared by a skillful chemist. In opal bottles. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c. in 2-cent stamps. Pamphlet free. Address, VALE CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.

A HANDSOME LADY

or homely lady can make money selling "Treasury of Thought" (Mother, Home, Heaven). The best home book ever published. Should be in every home and read at every fireside. Beautifully illustrated. Contains the brightest thoughts of the best minds. Easily sold. Good pay to earnest workers. Address quickly, BRYAN, TAYLOR & CO., 826 Broadway, N. Y.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug

bearing a *red tin tag;* that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING
ESTABLISHED 1866

Is Cheap, STRONG, WATER-PROOF. Easy to apply. Does not rust or rot. Is also a SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. Outlasts the building. CARPETS and RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. Catalogue and samples free. W. H. FAY & CO. CAMDEN, N. J.

WANTED RELIABLE SALESMEN

TO introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated Cigars of the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMPANY. Liberal arrangements. SALARY or COMMISSION paid to the right man. For further particulars and terms address, at once,
The New York & Havana Cigar Co.,
57 Broadway, New York.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS
for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG
OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. $75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it *the leading book for Agents.* Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, *Extra Terms*, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, 26 Gloves-fitting. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 165 Fulton St., New York.

THE OPIUM-HABIT

EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE.
Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

EGGS TO HATCH. Pure-bred poultry; all varieties; write; prices free. V. D. STONEROAD, Lewistown, Pa.

WANTED—Men and women to start a new business at their homes; no peddling; 10 and 50 cents an hour made; send 10c. for twelve samples and instructions. C. E. BOWEN, 88 Cary Street, Brockton, Mass.

CLOCKS Big money for Agents. Send for Catalogue and terms. Erie Clock Co., Erie, Pa. **CLOCKS**

SCIENTIFIC.

Save the spent tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve, and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleanses windows and sashes and oil-cloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window-panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it.

The jar caused by the vibration of machinery has always been objectionable and people will be glad to learn that there is a remedy for it, lately devised and quite effective. Where several small machines are running at the same time the jar of vibration may be prevented by first ascertaining with the aid of a spirit level the exact point of vibration in the framework of each machine, and then, by drilling small holes, introducing plugs of soft bar lead and riveting them in.

A case in which the expansion of steel by heat caused considerable damage is reported from England. The rails on the new Midland line between Irchester and Sharnbrook, which has recently been opened for goods traffic, were laid during winter time, and insufficient room was left for expansion; consequently, the summer heat lately expanded the rails to such an extent that the road burst out of line. Traffic had to be at once stopped, and the permanent way altered and properly spaced.

Railroad cars are indicated by Judge Lawrence Johnson, of Holly Springs, Miss., as vehicles by which destructive moths are carried from one part of the country to another. In traveling last year he was often struck by the numbers of Algtice on the trains; and he observes that there was a sort of coincidence last season between lines of railroads and abundance of cotton worms.

An electric horse chronometer has been invented. The movement is controlled by a current opened and closed by the breaking of an almost microscopic copper wire stretched across the track. It is said to record to the 1-500 of a second.

A new invention, it is said, will protect iron from rust. Ordinary oil paint, mixed with 10 per cent. of burned magnesia, baryta or strontia, as well as mineral oil, neutralizes the free acid of the paint, and the alkaline reaction protects the iron from rust.

The moulting of the shell of the horseshoe crab is described in the *American Naturalist* for October. In this animal the shell splits open around the front edge, and when the animal draws itself through the rent it appears as if it were spewing itself out of its shell. On the other hand, the lobster, in casting its shell, draws itself through a rent along the back of the carapace.

Agreeable to Everybody.

Col. Robert G. King, for ten years Deputy Collector Internal Revenue, Baltimore, Maryland, writes: "I endorse the Red Star Cough Cure. I have used it in my family for a violent cough and found it excellent. Its use was entirely free from the depressing effects of other cough remedies. It can be readily taken, and agrees with and benefits everybody suffering from throat and lung troubles. The relief is permanent, and there is no reaction.

The first comet discovered in the Northern hemisphere this year has been found by Professor Barnard, of Nashville, in the head of the Constellation Wolf.

ELY BROS., I have been afflicted with catarrh. I purchased a bottle of your Cream Balm. It has effected a complete cure.—H. C. Abbot, 97 Grant Ave., Allegheny City, Pa.

It is now claimed that dogs may be used in mines not only to draw small carts, but to patrol the mines and detect the presence of gas. They can be made to go through the mine and return, and the latter will be a favorable indication.

It Is No Wonder

that so many people sink into untimely graves when we consider how they neglect their health. They have a disordered Liver, deranged Bowels, Constipation, Piles or diseased Kidneys, but they let it go and think they "will get over it." It grows worse, other and more serious complications follow and soon it is too late to save them. If such people would take Kidney-Wort it would preserve their lives. It acts upon the most important organs purifying the blood and cleansing the system, removes and prevents these disorders and promotes health.

Orange peel is now said to be collected, dried in ovens, and sold for kindling fires. It burns readily and with great fierceness, and is safer than kerosene.

DON'T SAY there is no help for Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the Head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supercedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied with the finger and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Send for circular. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

The latest surgical luxury is an instrument by which incisions may be made without giving pain. It consists of a knife which is regulated by a watch attachment, so that it advances at the rate of only an inch in six hours. A slight sensation of uneasiness is produced, which does not, however, prevent the patient from going to sleep.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

RED STAR
19 TRADE RED STAR MARK
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.
Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send 4 stamps to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. Sold at druggists.

PROBABLY as curious an article of export as is often carried in an ocean steamer was lately taken out to New Zealand. It consisted of a consignment of "bumble-bees." At present clover does not "seed" in that country, though it grows readily, because there are no bumble-bees to fertilize the flowers. The importer hopes that the bumble-bees will save him $5000 a year in clover seed.

A Lame Back is a Torment.

It is usually ascribed either to a strain or to rheumatism. Nine times out of ten it is kidney disease. Be wise in time, take HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY for your lame back and avoid the dangers of which it is the warning.

Always in the House.

ROCKVILLE, CT., May 24, 1883.
"When troubled with kidney complaints HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY relieves every time. I always keep it in the house."—J. H. Ryan, Supt of the American Mills.

Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are very prevalent among men past middle age, and those most difficult diseases to cure are on the increase. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has long been known to be most successful in the cure of these diseases. "Never known to fail."

PREPARE the land for strawberries as soon as the weather opens. Work it well and make it fine, set ont the plants early so as to get the benefit of the early rains. A plentiful supply of superphosphate and muriate of potash should be given the plants by sowing it broadcast over the land before setting them. Work the plants well, keep out intruding weeds and grasses, and allow no blossoms to fruit. Runners should also be cut away.

Where's the use of spending money for a doubtful affair, when a sure and reliable thing is offered? *Hop Porous Plasters* for all aches, pains and soreness. The greatest strengthener known. 25 cents.

PEAS and oats are equal to clover, and may be raised in a variety of soils. The pea is rich in caseine (just what is required to make milk), and the oat is also rich in the elements of milk. These two grow well together, for the oats hold the peas up and prevent them from lying too flat on the ground. They mature so close together that they are ready to be cut at the same time. But the crop should always be cut when the pea pod is full and the grain in the milk. It is then very succulent and palatable, and will produce as much milk as any food we know of.

High Priced Butter.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

IT is now asserted that the common earthworm is the cause of the gape parasite in chicks. In examining earthworms from a gape-infected district the gape parasite was found to be coiled up in the structure of the earth-worm, and on feeding chicks with such earth-worms the disease was at once produced among the brood.

See Here Young Man.

That girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline the world renowned Hair Renewer. I would not have her do without it for anything.

There are few kinds of land that subsoiling does not greatly benefit.

I HAVE had catarrh in head and nostrils for ten years so bad that there were great sores in my nose, and one place had eaten through. I got Ely's Cream Balm. Two bottles did the work, but am still using it. My nose and head is well. I feel like another man.—Chas. S. McMillen, Sibley, Jackson Co., Mo.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

☞ TO MATCH THAT BONNET.—Feathers, ribbons, velvets can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10c, for any color at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

AGRICULTURE.

"THE plan of a French chemist for preserving eggs is as follows; While quite fresh they are gently struck against each other to see if they be 'sound;' next they are placed in a kind of earthern pitcher having a very narrow bottom. When the vessel is full, a solution of a quarter of an ounce of quick lime to one quart of water is poured in. The lime water permeates the shell till it reaches the first membrane, rendering the latter impervious. The pitchers are then placed in a cellar, from which all light is excluded, but a uniform temperature of 44 to 46 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained. In the course of a few days a pellicle forms on the surface of the water in each pitcher (carbonate of lime), and that must never be broken till the moment for withdrawing the eggs. This process enables eggs to be kept fresh for six or eight months, and not more than five in a thousand prove objectionable."

THE choice of a farm depends chiefly upon the purpose for which it is to be used. A dairy farm should be either good grass land or light soil adapted for raising green fodder crops. A pasture farm may be rough, and even stony, if the price is consistent, but where the plough is used stones are to be avoided. Swamps and wet ground are to be avoided, even when cheap, as it will cost more than the land will ever be worth, in many cases to drain them. A person who is not experienced, and even old farmers, may very profitably employ an expert and pay for advice in this respect before purchasing a farm.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs."

when it is the old-fashionable blue mass, blue pill sort, and insist on using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned, larger pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly but harmlessly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and as an anti-billious remedy are unequaled.

WOOD ashes are the best of fertilizers for the orchard. They contain all the required elements of plant nutrition, except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contain sixteen pounds of potash, three and a half pounds of soda, thirty-seven pounds of lime and magnesia and five and a quarter pounds of phosphoric acid. No other fertilizer keeps fruit trees in so healthy a state as wood ashes.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

Procrastination may rob you of time, but by inceased diligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

FEED FOR SHEEP.—It does not require much grain for sheep. A mixture of cut straw, hay, and corn tops, with oats at night, will keep the sheep in good condition through the winter. Picking around a straw stack will not do for sheep. The ewes need grain, and unless provided with it will be unable to produce strong and healthy lambs.

* * * * Piles, fistulas and rupture radically cured. Book of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE reason why sows sometimes destroy their pigs is costiveness, and the way to avoid this is to give the sows plenty of wood ashes, salt and charcoal.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, like all *really good* things, are frequently imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

Best be off with the new love before you're on with the old.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

It's useless to lock the horse after the stable is stolen.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster:

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

Every day has its dog. Some days have two dogs.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Those who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glass.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand.

☞ Have you Catarrh? Would you be well? Try one bottle of Borazel.

Where there is great strength, there ain't apt to be much gumption.

☞ Have you Catarrh? Would you be well? Try one bottle of Borazel.

There's many a lip 'twixt the cup and the slip.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. 1 FREE BOTTLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using
CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!
INFALLIBLE
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

PLOWS.

Send for illustrated Plow Catalogue, showing our full line of "Steel," "Chilled Iron" and "Cast Iron" Plows, made to suit all soils, adapted for all kinds of work in all sections of the country. Agents wanted. Will fill all Texas orders from our Dallas house.

ADDRESS, Special Prices to Farmers where we have no Agents.
The Edmiston & Waddell Co., 351 & 353 First Street, BROOKLYN, E. D., N. Y.

BAUGH'S
TRADE MARK
$25
PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Pamphlet Guide. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

VARICOCELE Painless cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Base at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2122 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., and Sundays

AGENTS WANTED for Marvelous Wonders of the Polar World. Superbly illustrated. Full account of the Greely Expedition. Selling very fast. Send for Circulars. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., Phila., Pa.

HOME BEAUTIFUL.—MRS. T. G. FARNHAM, 10 West 16th St., New York. Cheapest place in New York for Decorative Art Materials. Wholesale & retail. Send 3c. for catalogue. Please mention paper.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY Or SHORTHAND and earn big wages. Situations guaranteed. Valeine Bros., Janesville Wis.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Lumbago,
Pleurisy,
Coughs,
Pneumonia,
Inflammations,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,

Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic Flatulency, and all internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SCROFULA.

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative rangs of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. ☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

11 4.15

BEST TRUSS EVER USED.

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the
New York Elastic Truss Company,
744 B'dway, New York

SMOKE "THEO" SOLD EVERYWHERE
5 CENTS. *Positively the Best.* Made only by the N. Y. & Havana Cigar Co., 57 Broadway, N. Y. ASK FOR IT.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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A PRESENT FOR EVERYONE
NO COMMISSIONS TO AGENTS. SUBSCRIBE DIRECT.

The above pointedly illustrates our plan of dealing with our subscribers. The connecting link consists of Cash Premiums instead of exhorbitant commissions to middlemen.

WE GIVE AWAY The princely sum of **$30,000 FREE**

BELOW IS OUR PREMIUM LIST: Every article has been carefully selected and we guarantee complete satisfaction. This is a reliable offer by a Newspaper of national reputation, having been established over fifteen years. Positively no Postponement.

1080 PREMIUMS. PRESENTS FOR ALL.

1st, cash,	$5,000	6th, cash,	$1,000	11th, buggy,	$250
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4th, cash,	2,000	9th, piano,	500	14th, gold watch,	125
5th, cash,	1,500	10th, carriage,	350	15th, gold watch,	100
100 $50 sewing machines worth in cash,					5,000
100 elegant albums, worth in cash, $1,000		100 elegant albums, worth cash,			750
50 American silver watches, worth cash, $1,850.				500 elegant bound books,	1,000

The above premiums will be ready after April 20th, as soon as the awards are made by the Committee, which will have charge of the allotment. In addition to the premiums, we will mail, postpaid, to every new subscriber who follows our directions a present, independent of the premium, worth from 15 to 25 cents. These will be forwarded as soon as subscriptions are received. No person will be permitted to participate in our premiums unless he sends ONE DOLLAR for one year's subscription to our paper, on receipt of which his name will be entered and a numbered receipt forwarded entitling him to the benefits of our great offer.

CLUB PRICES!

For $2, Times one year to 2 subscribers, 3 Presents and 3 Receipts. For $3, Times one year to 3 subscribers, 5 Presents and 5 Receipts. For $5, Times one year to 5 subscribers, 10 Presents and 10 Receipts. Cash and names must all be sent at one time.

A GREAT STORY by Mr. Jas. Ferguson is now being published in our family weekly paper. Also, each week we give a sermon by **REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE**, a feature alone worth the price we charge for the whole year. In addition to the continued stories, weekly sermons by Brooklyn's most noted divine and general literary miscellany, each issue contains the following: Illustrated sketches of prominent men; letters from all parts of the world; news of the week; full and reliable market reports; political gossip on Washington news and special departments carefully edited for Farmers, Little Folks, the Family Circle, and business men generally. The present publishers have conducted THE TIMES for 15 years, and have learned by experience that genuine merit wins more friends than anything else. The public can, therefore, rely on us to add every improvement desirable, and to spare no expense in keeping our paper at the head. We are encouraged by our largely increased list of subscribers, now numbering over 80,000, to continue the

REDUCED PRICE OF $1

a year, and will therefore receive subscriptions at this low price. EVERY WESTERN MAN, EVERY FARMER, EVERY HOUSEKEEPER AND EVERY INTELLIGENT NEWSPAPER READER will find something every week in THE TIMES worth our price of $1.50 a year. Specimen copies free.

500 WATCHES FREE

To the first 500 persons who send in their order first, with ONE DOLLAR enclosed, we will send a handsome silver watch like cut here given. We guarantee the watch to be a correct time piece, and made of sterling silver. These watches are given away in addition to and independent from the 1,080 premiums and presents mentioned above. First come, first served. Remember to send ONE DOLLAR by postal note, money order or registered letter and we will enter your name for one year's subscription to THE TIMES; also send you a numbered receipt and forward a present worth from 15 cents to 25 cents, and if you are one of the first 500 you will also get one of the watches. Order now and get a good family paper for the long winter evenings. ☞ Cut this Advertisement out, as it will not appear again.
Address, THE TIMES, Kansas City, Mo.

Mention this paper.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

CENTRE HALL, PA., APRIL 1, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

1885..... *SPRING!* .....1885.

THE ECLIPSE A FAILURE.

GARMAN'S STORE A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Our newest offerings in Embroidered Dress Patterns, in Batiste, India Linen, Pink and Blue Chambray are beautiful.

In Stamped goods we have Tray Covers, Side Board Covers, Tidies, Slipper Cases, Umbrella and Cane Cases, Splashers, Fringe for Lambrequins, &c., &c.

Did you ever buy Merrimac & Allen Shirting Prints (not standard) at 5 cents? We have lots of them—you usually pay 7 & 8 cents for them.

Everything in our stock at proportionately low rates—we offer no baits, but do a strictly honest business. Everything must be as we say—we will make it right.

Fancy Baskets for Decorating, Cornucopias, Hair Receivers, Catch-Alls, &c.

They tease us about wheelbarrows, but they will not be in for a few years yet. We want you to understand that ours is a Complete Dry-Goods and Fancy Notion Stock—should be called "Yankee Notion," but that word has become almost obsolete. We don't aim to keep a hardware, leather, grocery, furniture, clothing, bakery, stationery, or a general banking concern, we will be content to have you come for Dry-Goods and Notions only.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Sun-bonnets—Garmans.

Children's lace caps—Garmans.

Dress goods and plaids—Garmans.

Embroideries and white goods—Garmans.

——Valentine Breon moves from Millheim to Wolf's Store, in Miles twp.

——Rev. M. L. Ditzel, of Snyder county, will be pastor of the vacant Aaronsburg charge.

——We had another three inch snow on Saturday night, followed by mild sunshine on Sunday.

—Mrs. D. Brisbin has purchased a lot of J. D. Murray at the south end of town and will put a house on it.

——Rebersburg will likely have two select schools this summer—one by Prof. Gramley, the other by Prof. Weaver.

——Subscribers changing post-offices this spring should notify us—giving name of old as well as new post-office. tf

——The losses of the Bellefonte fire are nearly all covered by insurance, and in some the insurance is better than the loss.

——The order of the weather this winter has been little skiffs of snow with long, ugly blizzards tacked to the end of each one.

——The Presbytery of Huntingdon will hold its next stated meeting in the Presbyterian church at Tyrone, Tuesday, April 14, at 9 o'clock a. m.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—Will open April 28 for the study of vocal and instrumental music. For circular address, F. C. Moyer, Freeburgh, Pa.

A train composed of two cars of gold bullion, three cars of silver, eight cars of silk and four cars of tea is on its way east from California and Colorado.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.25 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

——Rev. D. N. Leitzel, of Clarion Co., formerly of this valley, is here visiting friends. Bro. Leitzel has been a faithful minister of the Gospel for the last decade.

——Prof. Hosterman advertises the spring term of the Spring Mills select school. The Prof. is one of the foremost instructors in this county. See adv. in another column.

——Stakes have been driven for a new house at the railroad station—this makes the 12th new building erected and in contemplation at Centre Hall for '85, with five or six more in prospect.

——Tuesday the air was mild and the sky clear—all like spring. But the roads—whew!—were and still are terribly muddy, much to the chagrin of the folks who have their flitting to do.

——Go to the Philadelphia Branch for the best bargain in suits in these United States. Lewins & Co. defy the world for low prices in ready-made clothing and offer as good an article as is manufactured.

——The Centre Hall railroad station has done a larger business than was expected, and shipping is still on the increase. Passenger trafic over the road has also increased considerably since the extension.

——The man with the bag-pipe—doodle-sock—was in town on Saturday. This is the first sign of spring. Next will be the festive organ grinder with his polite monkey. Next in order will be the music of the thunder shower.

——The Philadelphia Branch has added a merchant tailoring department to the store, and engaged one of the best tailors to superintend it. Gents' suits will be made to order on short notice, and according to the latest styles.

——DEDICATION.—The new Lutheran church at Madisonburg will be dedicated on Sunday, April 19, '85. Rev. Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, will perform the dedicatory services. A general invitation is extended to all to be present. 3t

——Fisher's dam at Farmers' Mills was let off one day last week, on account of the repairs going on in the mill. Fishermen embraced the opportunity and were on hand to cast their nets, and several bushels of suckers were taken.

——Rev. A. R. Zimmerman, ex-pastor of the Lutheran charge in Brush Valley, removed his family and household goods to the bounds of his new charge in Dauphin county. Remaining in Rebersburg over last Sunday he filled the Reformed pulpit and preached a stirring sermon to a large and interested audience.

PERSONAL.—And. Smith moved fr m Millheim to Salona. Mr. John Slack, farmer, near Potters Mills, called in to see the "Reporter;" Mr. Slack is willing to have winter slack off. James Poorman, of Harris, honored our sanctum with a call—he is a pleasant fellow. Aaron Runkle has again hied himself back to Kansas. F. W. Confer flits back to Spring Mills; he was superintendent of the grain house here and proved himself an obliging and capable business man. Will Swab, altho' loosing his farm stock by fire, will not quit farming. J. W. Wolf and bride have gone east on a wedding trip.

——One should always bear in mind that the largest and best assortment of ready-made clothing is always to be found at the Philad. Branch. The goods is first class all the time, and warranted to be as represented. The stock of men's and boys' clothing is equal to that in any of the city stores, with prices down to bottom figures. Always call in at the Philad. Branch before purchasing clothing elsewhere.

— Governor Pattison, in accordance with a joint resolution of the Senate and House, issued a proclamation naming Thursday, April 16, as Arbor Day. He recommends that the people on that day, especially the children, plant trees along the streets, by the roadside, in parks and commons, around public buildings, along streams and in waste places and that information then be distributed in regard to trees and forests.

——Lewins & Co. wish to have every man in the county wear one of their suits, and to gratify this becoming ambition they will sell suits and overcoats from now until April, at a sacrifice. Goods have been marked down so low that no competition can reach the same low figures. The Philad. Branch can undersell all others because they have their stock from first hands, and the profits of the jobber and wholesaler go to the one who purchases at the Philad. Branch.

——A party was here a short time ago with a view to looking out a location for the planting of another important industry. We are not at liberty now to give names or further particulars, save that the party is a good one. Centre Hall has plenty of room for more, and it is a good point for almost any business.

——The cold weather does not have any effect on the low prices at the Philadelphia Branch—it makes them sell all the more for it. People know that bargains are always had there and if they want a suit, overcoat, or any other goods of men adn boys' wear, they go to Lewins & Co. for it, as it amounts to a saving of from $3 to $10 every time.

— Our town has not an unoccupied room—buildings are occupied that before were not sought for as dwellings, and some houses have two families to accommodate new ones. A dozen more houses could find occupants if we had them. We expect 8 or 12 new houses inside of the next twelve months.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——Clothing has gone down in price at the Philad. Branch since the return of Mrs. Lewins from Baltimore and we judge that when the little Lewins she brought along with her is able to get to his pa's store there will be another fall in prices.

——Overcoats are still needed, winter may last a good while yet, and you can buy any style at almost cost at the Philadelphia Branch and get a first class article. You can't get as good a bargain anywhere in any kind of ready-made clothing as at the Philad. Branch.

——A new line of groceries just received at Dinges' store and will be sold for cash or produce at extremely low prices.

——Turkeys, ducks and chickens wanted for which I will pay cash. Bring them to the store. CLEVAN DINGES.

——The Lord's Supper will be administered in the Evangelical church at the next regular Lutheran service on coming Sabbath, at 10 a. m. Preparatory services Saturday previous, at 2 p. m. W. E. FISCHER.

——Any persons wanting tombstones should stop and give the Centre Hall Marble Works a call. We guarantee our work, style and quality. 1ap3t JOHN F. WASSON.

A DRUGGIST'S VERDICT.

M. E. George, one of the principal druggists of Philipsburg, Pa., writes:

"Mr. J. A. McDonald, Reedsville, Pa.

Dear Sir:—One of the most prominent citizens of our city and a gentleman well known and highly respected in the surrounding country, called at our store and voluntarily offered to go before the justice of the peace and testify in an affidavit to the virtue of your Blood Purifier, saying that he had used but three bottles, and was now entirely cured of a distressing and long continued attack of erysipelas, after having tried a number of other remedies without receiving any noticeable benefit. Please send us one dozen by express. We never had a medicine in our store that sells as readily or gave such universal satisfaction as your Blood Purifier."

For scrofula, erysipelas, tetter, salt rheum, skin diseases, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ringworm, syphilis, and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in power and efficacy McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative. Warranted. 75 cents per bottle by all dealers in medicines. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The spring term of this institution will commence on April 13, and continue ten weeks. Special attention will be given to those preparing to teach or to enter college. Tuition, $4 to $8; boarding, $2.50 a week. W. P. HOSTERMAN,
2t Principal.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

Wm. Shields, appointed postmaster of West Chester, Pa., by President Arthur, March 3, committed suicide the other morning by drowning. He was an old man and became greatly worried over the intricate duties of his office.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

TRYING TO KILL HER CHILD.

Mt. Carmel, March 27.—Miss Margretti, a prepossessing young lady of this place, has been driven hopelessly insane by the base betrayal of her lover, Michael Holloway. This morning she was preparing to kill her illegitimate offspring with an axe, when Constable King appeared. She was placed in charge of the officials. Holloway has fled. There is much indignation.

I always keep your medicines in stock. Downs' Elixir is selling better than any Cough Medicine I have, and with good results. C. SMITH,
Druggist, Clarkston, Mich.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I sell. They have advertised themselves, and I warrant every bottle.
N. DEKRIEF, Druggist, Leeland, Mich.

Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, for external use is equally good.

Now that sudden and violent changes of weather occur every twenty-four hours, almost everyone has a troublesome cold, which, if neglected, may produce results that will trouble you for the remainder of your life. Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine is especially deserving praises in this class of complaints. It never fails. It never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping cough also accompany each bottle. Every family, especially where there are children, should have a bottle. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.
Sold by J. D. Murray.

SOUTH AMERICAN MINE DISASTER.

Conception, Chili, March 27.—At 1:30 o'clock this morning, an explosion of gas occurred at the mines of Senor Errazuriz, in Lebu. Thirty-five miners were killed and thirteen were dangerously wounded.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

A PRACTICAL JOKER SHOT.

Muncie, Ind., March 25.—Wm. Haynes was killed by Bishop Scott last night while stealing chickens from a hen house. Haynes intended to play a practical joke, and was shot by the owner of the premises.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

A $15,000 HAUL BY BURGLARS.

Shenandoah, Pa., March 25.—A daring robbery was perpetrated this morning at the mining village of Locust Gap. The victim is Peter Dutty and the amount taken about $15,000. He was a hard working man and very penurious. He led a solitary life. This morning while attending services in a small church, his house was broken into by burglars, who secured the money from a bureau drawer. Dutty was nearly crazed with grief.

He had no faith in saving banks, as a few years ago he lost $2,600 in Huntzinger's Miners' Bank of Pottsville, which collapsed. It is the impression that the burglars belong to this section and that they were thoroughly acquainted with the premises.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
26dartf

CENTRE HALL SELECT SCHOOL.

The spring term of this institution will commence on Monday, April 27, next, and continue eight weeks. All the higher English branches and Latin will be taught. Special attention will be given young gentlemen and ladies who desire to teach and prepare for examination. Tuition for the term from $4 to $7. Boarding can be had at reasonable rates.
25m4t M. SHIRES,
Principal.

MARRIED.

On March 25, by Rev. Robert Hamill, D. D., Mr. Chas. C. Ramsey, of Lemont, to Miss Anna Mary, daughter of Mr. Philip Kemp, of Pleasant Gap.

On March 15, at the residence of Chas. Brunner, in Centreville, Pa., by Rev. J. K. Miller, Michael Grenninger and Miss Alice R. McClain, both of Green twp., Clinton Co.

On March 22, at the residence of Daniel Engle, by same, J. B. Herb, of Logan Mills, and Miss Annie Jane Bromgard, of Eastville.

On March 29, at Tylersville, by Rev. N. J. Miller, Wm. F. Waleiser to Miss Amanda Cooney, both of Sugar Valley.

DIED.

Near Madisonburg, on March 27, Maria, wife of John Roush, aged 76 years, 4 months, 19 days. Her long and useful life needs no special comment. Those who knew her as Mrs. Schwartz when she lived and attended to the churches at Aaronsburg, and those who became acquainted with her since she became a member of the Madisonburg community can bear testimony to her many excellent qualities—kind to neighbors, hospitable to visitors, and faithful in the discharge of Christian duty, especially dear to those unto whom she so faithfully ministered in family life, her memory will linger on in time to come. "Blessed are the dear which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their work do follow them." The funeral services were held in the Christ Reformed church, Madisonburg, and were conducted by pastor N. J. Miller. The large audience present manifest the regard in which Mrs. Roush was held. Life's work is done, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Children are glad that school is over. By appearances every third family is making a change this spring, and they have the benefit of mud and snow drifts. A. B. Bitner and John Horner have bought Homan Brothers out and they are making preparations to manufacture all the birch beer that will be needed in the valley; they should be patronized. Samuel Harter bought Jacob McCool's farm at $51 per acre, and Rev. Wm. McCool bought the pleasant home at this place for $1800. Dr Stam has returned from his Kansas visit, and has a different opinion of that country from what the most report—"give me Penn'a yet." The Clymer family will hold a concert in Grenoble's hall, Friday evening; they are one of the best concert troups in the state—do not miss them. Hon. J. P. Gephart, who had been sick, we are glad to see is able to be out again. X.

$500,000 A YEAR.

Statement of the American, National and United States and Canada Express Company, Troy, N. Y.

The strength of Rome lay not in her multitude, nor in her grain ladened fleets. These were elements of strength, but her never-failing resources lay in the self-control and discipline of Roman soldiers. Discipline—it is the very soul to all the wonderful meaning possessed by the word "veteran." Mr. Benedict, of Troy, is a veteran in the express business. "Thirty-three years," he said to your reporter, "I've stood at this desk." It is the discipline of years of experience which gives him the position he holds in the trust and esteem of these three great corporations. "We have a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been absent from this office hardly a month in all that time, although I must confess that many times I've worked here when suffering great pain, for I have been troubled all my life with biliousness and dyspepsia. My system had become so reduced and weak that I had no appetite, and my digestion wholly disordered. I have tried various remedies, but almost two years ago I happened to hit upon Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. After using only one bottle or so I began to feel stronger in every way. The great difficulty has been with my digestion, but this seems to regulate it perfectly. I have, sir, great faith in Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. I have bought and given a great deal of it to the poor around here; those, you know, who have no money to buy medicine of any kind, for there are a great many troubled with billious diseases and suffer on without aid. I always keep FAVORITE REMEDY in the house. I consider it the best medicine for the blood in the market. Well, I must attend to this matter for the western part of the city. Say, you tell the doctor I am coming down to Rondout to see him in August. I want to know him." I left the veteran, still at his post, rejoicing in health and greatful to Dr. Kennedy. apr

20,000 SHINGLES for sale by J. O. Deininger, Centre Hall. 25m3t

Scientists hold 17 distinct theories as to the cause of earthquakes.

In some parts of New Hampshire snow is reported to be five feet deep on a level.

An Oakland, Colorado boy, has calculated that there are 508,000 beans in a barrel.

On a farm near East Aurora, N. Y., was recently discovered a belt of salt 62 feet thick.

A Troy undertaking establishment was set on fire last week by the ignition of a match carried by sparrows into their nest under the cornice of the building.

——The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors during the April term of court:

Grand Jurors.

Sam'l Decker, Walker	C W Albright, Millheim
Thomas Riley, Harris	Jas Ardery, Worth
R W Downing, ½ Moon	J Witmer Wolf, Potter
J C Boal, Potter	Robt Henderson, Marion
Jon Shank, Howard	E L Johnson, Rush
S H Bennison, Marion	Vint Beckwith, Taylor
D G Meek, Ferguson	F F Adams, Boggs
H D Yerger, Bellefonte	D J Meyer, Potter
Z T Wetrick, Howard	Jerre Snavely, Potter
J R Alexander, Spring	Geo Armbruster, Gregg
David Barree, Gregg	Allen Ammerman, Union
John Q Miles, Huston	W G Rook, Philipsburg

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday April.

Jno Armagast, Benner	J Armstrong, Philipsb'g
Jos Powers, Bellefonte	P N Barnhart, Spring
Jos Loder, Howard	Henry Young, Spring
J C Nason, Huston	R D Ardery, Huston
G A Gowland, Philipsbg	H H Bennet, Bellefonte
J F Rearick, Gregg	Jno Graston, Howard
Wm McGirk, College	Sol Peck, Walker
H K Hoy, Benner	A W Hafer, Millheim
E B Green, Bellefonte	J W Weaver, Boggs
Sam'l Ellenberger, Ferguson	Ed Tyson, Philipsburg
H H Weaver, Haines	Wm Miller, Bellefonte
W L Steel, Bellefonte	Daniel Dorman, Walker
O P Kreamer, Milesburg	H M Snyder, Ferguson
John Woods, Spring	G F Savenson, Potter
Sam'l Ott, Millheim	Jno Harshberger, Penn
Barney Coyle, Philipsbg	J Pennington, Ferguson
J B Heckman, Gregg	John Harpster, Worth
Benj. Gentzel, Spring	J H Brown, Snow Shoe
Uriah Shafer, Miles	Sam'l Noll, Jr. Spring
Archy Allison, Potter	Sam'l Crotzer, Potter
Moses Gilbert, Miles	John H Burns, Rush
Jno Ward, Halfmoon	Wm Derstine, Bellefonte
Christ Schrock, Bellef'te	Enos Ertley, Marion
	J W Gardner, Howard
	John Holmes, Marion

Traverse Jurors—First Monday May.

John H Snyder, Gregg	W L Musser, Millheim
W M M'Clintock, Potter	J L Marshall, Benner
Wm Norris, College	D H Yeager, Snow Shoe
Walter O'Brien, College	John Krebs, Ferguson
Sam'l Emerick, Union	Albert Sweeley, Liberty
Noah Gates, Benner	David Bartges, Gregg
S F Ishler, Harris	David Orr, Marion
H G Royer, Haines	Grafius Weston, Worth
J C Rankin, Snow Shoe	J H Holmes, Ferguson
Claude Cook do	Chas Gates, Halfmoon
Geo Noll, Boggs	Dan'l Garman, Bellef'te
A F Cramer, Haines	F S Lingle, Liberty
Fred Heckman, Gregg	J A Yarnell, Snow Shoe
Harvey Lutz, Walker	W H Campbell, Boggs
Patrick Martin, Boggs	S F Dorman, Walker
A B Snyder, Spring	Wm Dawson, Bellefonte
J I Curtin, Bellefonte	Jos Adams, Milesburg
John Dale, Benner	Michael O'Neal, Rush

——Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good barzain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cored hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good texture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & Co., Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

IMPRESSION THAT WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IS IMMINENT.

London, March 24.—A dispatch from Gulram, dated March 17, says that outwardly all was quiet, but it was reported that the Russians were concentrating toward Herat. It was proposed to withdraw Col. Ridgeway from Penjdeh and to leave Captain Yale there. Measures were being taken for the defense of Herat.

London, March 24.—A cabinet council was held this evening. It is understood that a reply of a somewhat unfavorable nature has been received from the Russian government in relation to the Afghan fontier question. The situation is still very critical.

London, March 24.—The government officials at Chatam have been ordered to prepare for immediate service a large draft of transport corps, which, it is supposed, will be sent to Suakim. The Chatam officials have also been suddenly ordered to put an iron-clad in commission.

St. Petersburg, March 24.—Russian residents in England write to their friends in Russia that they are preparing to leave England, as they consider a rupture between Great Britain and Russia imminent.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

NOTICE—*Wolf & Son have just received a fine lot of Fresh Mackerel and Lake Herring, guaranteed to weigh as represented; First quality and low prices. Call on us before purchasing elsewhere.*

W. A. Sandoe,
Merchant Tailor,
(CENTRE HALL),

Has moved his Tailor Shop to the 2d Floor in Bank Building, and is prepared to do all kinds of Tailoring; has just received a full supply of Spring and Summer Samples and the Latest Fashion Plates. 18mar4t

POTTER TOWNSHIP AUDITORS' REPORT.—Receipts and Expenditures for the Year ending March 9, 1885:

1884. SUPERVISOR, JNO. EMERICK.		DR.
March 10. To balance due Twp.		$217 07
March 9. To amount of Dup...		882 12—$1099 19
1885, March 9.		CR.
By labor paid	649 03	
By 84 days service	84 00	
By cash	100 00	
By exonerations	1 59	
By percentage	5 09	
By balance	259 57—	1099 19
To balance due Township...		$ 259 19
1885. SUPERVISOR, GEO. GROSSMAN.		DR.
March 9. To amount of Dup....		$ 940 82
1885, March 9.		CR.
By labor paid	561 08	
By 95¼ days service	95 25	
By cash	10 00	
By balance	273 89—	940 82
To balance due Twp		$273 89
SUPERVISOR, JOHN FOREMAN.		DR.
1885, March 9. To cash from Auditors		$100 00
SUPERVISOR, JAS. SWEETWOOD.		DR.
1885, March 9. To cash from Auditors		$94 19
OVERSEER POOR, JACOB MEISS.		DR.
1884, March 10. To bal. due Twp.		$310 50
1885, March 9. To am't of Dup...		940 82—$1251 32
1885, March 9.		CR.
By relief to Wm. Bethlehem	$128 90	
" Perry Deckard	71 76	
" Mrs. Carlin	26 09	
" Eliza Jordan	148 16	
" George McMinn	45 04	
" John Nevil	60 00	
" Eliza Pennington	10 32	
" Mrs. Jones	5 00	
By making Duplicate	4 00	
By 45 days service	45 00	
By percentage	47 04	
By exonerations	3 46	
By error in Duplicate	58	
By balance	645 97—	$1251 32
To balance due Township...		$645 97
OVERSEER POOR, PETER HOFFER		DR.
1884, March 10. To bal. due Twp.		$323 89
1885, March 9. To am't of Dup.		879 90—$1203 79
1885, March 9.		CR.
By relief to Fred Erhart	$ 63 25	
" Wm. Tobias	90 55	
" Mrs. Meiss	136 48	
" George Sheppard	84 85	
" Daniel Fauber	102 00	
" Mrs. Carlin	101 50	
" Rhodes Children	74 42	
" Mrs. Tresher	97 31	
By Dr. Alexander, medical attendance	65 00	
By percentage	43 99	
By 40 days service	40 00	
By balance	304 44—$1203 79	
To balance due Township...		$304 44
TREAS. OF AUDIT, W. W. SPANGLER.		
1885, March 9.		DR.
To cash from Peter Rearick, Sup't		$133 90
" Geo. Grossman, "		19 00
" John Emerick, "		100 00— $243 90
1885, March 9.		CR.
By cash paid Jas. Runkle, Sup't		$ 24 11
" Fred Kurtz, Printg		15 00
" J W Runkle		1 50
" W W Spangler		1 50
" W B Mingle		1 50
" J F Miller		1 50
" J D Meyer, room rent		2 00
" John Slack, water trough		2 50
" Jno. Foreman, Supr		100 00
" Jas. A. Sweetwood		94 19
" Stationery		10— $243 90

We the undersigned Auditors of Potter Township, have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

W. W. SPANGLER,
J. W. RUNKLE,
J. F. MILLER, W. B. MINGLE,
Town Clerk. Auditors.

Centre Hall, March 9, 1885.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of John Tonner, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
WM. ALLISON,
4mar6t Executor, Potters Mills, Pa.

DESTRUCTION OF HORSES.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 24.—Gansons & Co's livery stable at Urbana, O., burned early this morning, 37 horses perished in the flames.

Embroidered dress paterns.—Garmans.

Latest style in men's hats and neckwear—Garmans.

St. Louis, March 23.—Joel Anderson and Laura Bangh at Carrolton, for the killing of John Pers, April 8, '84, have been sentenced to 99 years each in the penitentiary.

A ready-made winter shade for 48 cts. —Garmans.

We have more lace curtains than ever before. Curtain poles in many styles —Garmans.

Get us one new subscriber and $2.25 and pay us $2.25 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly World" and the "Reporter" 1 year. tf

CAMERON HOUSE,
LEWISBURG, PENN'A.
STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors.
SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY.
Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 1ap.y

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad. Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 30 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		26
" Western "	24	26
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz.....crates		16½
" " " .....bbls		16
Western, ex brands " .....crates		16
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby.....per lb	13	14
" mixed "	"	13
" Western, straight	12	13
" " mixed	"	12
Roosters	" 7	8
Ducks	" 13	15
Turkeys	" 13	15
Geese	" 9	11
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Turkeys, extra.....per lb	17	18
" choice	" 15	16
" medium	" 13	14
Chickens, dry-picked, extra	" 15	16
" good	" 13	14
" scalded and medium	" 12	13
Ducks, extra	" 15	17
" fair	" 13	14
Geese, extra	" 11	12
CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime.....per lb	7	7½
" Fair to good	" 6	6½
" Common stock	" 4	5
" Hog-dressed	" 6	7
Sheep, prime	" 4	5
Lambs, extra	" 5	6
Live Cattle	" 4¾	5¼
Hogs, live	" 5½	6
Pigs, live	" 5	5½
DRESSED PORK.		
Light.....per lb	5½	6
Heavy	" 5	5½
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage, extra.....per 100	11 00	13 00
" good	" 8 00	10 00
Apples, Baldwins.....per bbl	3 25	3 50
" Greenings	" 2 50	3 00
" York State, mixed	" 2 75	3 00
Onions, Pa	" 4 00	4 50
" Western	" 3 50	4 00
POTATOES.		
Early Rose, choice.....per bus	58	60
Burbanks, choice	" 53	55
" fair	" 48	50
Pearl Mammoth	" 48	53
Beauty of Hebron	" 55	58
Peerless	" 48	53
CHEESE.		
N Y (Factory, choice	11¾	12¼
Ohio, fat, fine	11	11½
Penn'a, Full Cream	8	9
SEEDS.		
Timothy.....per bu	1 50	1 60
Clover.....per lb	8¾	9
Flax.....per bu		1 60
WOOL.		
Tub-washed.....per lb	27	30
Unwashed	" 17	20
DRIED FRUIT.		
Apples, evaporated, in cases	6	7
" good	" 3	3½
" quarters	"	
Blackberries	9	9¼
Cherries, pitted, prime dry	12½	13
FURS.		
Bear, black	5 00	15 00
" Cubs	2 00	7 00
Red Fox	75	1 00
Grey	10	35
Minks	25	50
Racoons	10	50
Muskrat, Winter	8	10
Wild Cat		25
House Cat		10
Opossum, cased, trashed out	8	12
Rabbits		2½
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry.....per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	" 12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	" 5½	6
" " Cow	" 5	5½
" " Bull	" 4	4½
" Salted Steer	" 8	8½
" " Cow	" 8	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece	25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime.....per lb	7	8
Tallow, Solid	" 5¾	6
" Cake	" 6	6¼
Honey in Comb	" 10	11
Country Soap		5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 1, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		37½	—49½
Wheat	"	75½	—88½
Oats	"	27½	—38
Pork	"	11.82½	
Lard	"	6.77½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	80
White & Mixed	75
Rye	50
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	
Oats	30
Buckwheat	55
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 16; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ANYBODY Can now make Photographs by the Dry Plate Process.

For 50 cts. we will send post-paid Roche's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instructions for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

Our PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN, edited by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per